

# THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR JUNE, 1822.

---

Art. I. i. *Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man*, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons. By W. Lawrence, F. R. S. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College, &c. &c. 8vo. London. 1822.

2. *General Indications, which relate to the Laws of Organic Life*. By Daniel Pring, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. 8vo. pp. xvi. 352. London. 1819.

A late very sagacious Philomath and Almanack-maker, whose astronomical knowledge of the heavens was unquestionable, strangely as he mistook their moral aspect, has been known to say, that he could never be brought to believe so great an absurdity as that one Being could uphold and govern all the worlds which he saw through his telescope. Young has said,

‘An undevout astronomer is mad.’

But if so, Astronomy has had a large proportion of madmen among her votaries. Those who would have been idolaters in Chaldea, have in Europe only been something worse—atheists or infidels. And not Astronomy alone, but every department of Physical Science has exhibited the same perpetual struggle on the part of the wise men of this world, to exclude God from his own universe, either by the deification of matter, or by erecting it into a final cause. To annihilate, if possible, that vast, omnipresent, ever pressing idea of Deity, to bar it out from all the avenues of science, to hide from it, at least, behind the stupendous machinery of visible nature, has been the ceaseless effort of infidel mathematicians, infidel geologists, and infidel anatomists. And the greatest service which the utmost researches of science have rendered to the world, has been, to shew how utterly this is impracticable,—to illustrate at once the necessity and the truth of Divine Revelation;

necessary inasmuch as by no other means could human wisdom have found out God ; true, because discoveries in science which could never have been calculated upon or conceived of by the authors of the sacred volume, have still furnished no one objection against its truth, which is incapable of a solution perfectly satisfactory to a devout inquirer.

To an attempt of this flagitious nature, an attempt to convert Physiology into an engine of attack against Christianity, Mr. Lawrence's volume is indebted for all its notoriety. Had the Author honestly confined himself to his proper business as a lecturer, his name would probably never have been heard of out of the profession. Had he trusted to his abilities to conduct him to eminence by the more direct and honourable mode of scientific or literary attainments, he might have remained for life among the *οἱ πολλοί* of able dissectors and phlebotomists. But, by proclaiming himself an infidel, he started at once into fame. There is no other way in which moderate talents can be made to go so far as in the service of scepticism ; none in which the immediate return of distinction is so high in proportion to the intellectual capital. These French funds will yield from six to eight per cent. to the man of small means, while the same modicum of learning and ingenuity employed in the regular native channels, will procure for its possessor only lawful interest. We admit that this does not hold good universally. There are some circles in which a man would not be thought of much more highly on account of his discovering a contempt for religion. But Mr. Lawrence calculated well upon the character of his audience. He knew that, as the rival of Mr. Abernethy, he could escape from a disadvantageous comparison, only by becoming his antagonist, by leading off in a totally opposite direction. Could he but succeed in making Mr. Abernethy ridiculous, then, Mr. Lawrence might be respectable. He knew, too, that in the junior part of his audience, just let loose upon London at the expiration of their apprenticeship, there existed a strong predisposition to identify the sceptic with the philosopher ; that many would be eager to attach themselves to the teacher who should hold out as a *bonus* to his scholars, an emancipation from the shackles of religious obligation. Those who have no love for religion, would gladly escape from its terrors. Besides which, there is something not a little flattering at once to the self-love and to the indolence of a half-read, half-thinking youth, in the idea of having a royal road opened to him, through the dissecting-room, to the whole circle of physical and metaphysical science. And how fascinating is even that professional enthusiasm which confessedly steps a little beyond the line of sobriety in



estimating the importance of his favourite pursuit! For thus says Mr. Lawrence:

‘ I hope to have convinced you that the Zoological study of man, when grounded on a knowledge of his organization and functions, and enlightened by the analogies, the contrasts, and the various aids afforded by an acquaintance with the animal kingdom in general, *is the only means by which a clear insight can be gained into human nature*, into the physical and moral attributes, the comparative powers, the liability to change or modification of the individual, the race, or the variety, and consequently into the frame, capabilities, and destiny of the species. The principles furnished by such investigations are the safest guide in all branches of knowledge, of which man in any shape is the object; the only guide at least that can be trusted by those who are determined to resort to nature for themselves, rather than blindly adopt established doctrines, or take up the ready-made notions and clever systems, so kindly provided for those who are too indolent or too timid to exercise their own observation or reason on these important topics. Such inquiries, I will venture to add, afford the only light capable of directing us through the dark regions of metaphysics, *the only clue to direct our course through the intricate mazes of morals*. Can we hope to proceed safely in legislation, in public institutions, in education, without that acquaintance with the physical and moral qualities of the subject for whose benefit they are designed, which such investigations are calculated to supply?’

It is evident from this passage, for what description of audience these lectures were got up. Mr. Lawrence must, indeed, have formed a very contemptuous estimate of the mental endowments of his pupils, to suppose that this sort of rant would not put his character in any peril, or awaken a misgiving in the minds of his embryo legislators, metaphysicians, and moralists, touching his sanity. We have not the slightest suspicion, that a man of his enlarged and philosophical mind could really give into this fanaticism. This foe to creeds, this believer in all unbelief, could never for a moment be the dupe of a chimera which outstrips in absurdity the wildest dogmas that have been palmed upon human credulity. Could we for a moment imagine him to be quite serious in asserting that comparative anatomy is the true key to morals and legislation, ‘the safest guide in all branches of knowledge,’—we should cease to wonder at the reveries of the alchemist. They were sober and rational in comparison with the pretensions of our zoologico-ethical philosophers. But that Mr. Lawrence was not quite serious when he penned this rhapsody, is plain from his own language in another part of these Lectures. ‘These sublime dogmas,’ he says, speaking of ‘the theological doctrine of the soul, and its separate existence,’

' could never have been brought to light by the labours of the anatomist and physiologist. An immaterial and spiritual being could not have been discovered amid the blood and filth of the dissecting-room; and the very idea of resorting to this low and dirty source for a proof of so exalted and refined a truth, is an illustration of what we daily see, the powerful bias that professional habits and the exclusive contemplation of a particular subject give even to the strongest minds,—an illustration of that *esprit de metier* which led the honest currier in the threatened city to recommend a fortification of leather.'

Now, although more than five hundred pages intervene between these two passages, and it is possible, therefore, that the Author might have changed his mind in the interim, or have forgotten what he had advanced,—for there are other persons besides liars, of whom it holds good, that they need have strong memories,—yet, we rather imagine that both passages were designed to have a specific effect, and that presuming upon the ingenuousness of his auditory, he did not care to sacrifice to oratorical effect his own consistency. In the former passage, he only wished to throw ridicule on Mr. Abernethy, who has been so absurd as to carry with him into the dissecting-room, the deductions of reason, in order to interpret by them, the appearances which address themselves to our senses. In the latter paragraph, our Author means to shew, that there is no objection to discoveries respecting the nature of the soul and 'the fundamental principles of morals,' made amid the blood and filth of the dissecting-room, provided the sentiment thus brought to light, be as low and dirty as its source. The powerful bias of professional habits, is, he tells us, conspicuous in the man who 'confides more in the eye of reason than in that of sense.' But no such influence is suspected to have warped his own mind, when he would erect Brooks's into a school of metaphysics and morals, and make us believe that zoology is the key to legislation. Or, perhaps, that bias is to be deprecated, only when it takes a direction in favour of established doctrines: it has a wise and salutary operation in the mind of the infidel physiologist.

Mr. Daniel Pring's work, not having had the good fortune to be pirated, has by no means attracted the notoriety which a Chancery petition has conferred on that of Mr. Lawrence. Nor does it stand any chance of becoming popular out of the profession, being by far too profound for unscientific readers. We have often regretted that the good old custom of writing medical works in Latin, has, in this illiterate age, fallen into disuse. But if medical writers would but adopt Mr. Pring's style as their model, they need not employ a dead language. His English, to be intelligible to the vulgar, stands quite as much in

need of a translation. Yet, the work displays no ordinary powers of thought, and a considerable share both of fancy and of acuteness. It is, indeed, a sort of physiological romance; yet, like other romances, founded on facts. That is to say, it is hypothesis, not indeed founded upon, but attaching itself to the deductions of experimental science; a parasitical theory seeking the support of facts, but having no natural connexion with them. In this respect, Mr. Pring's speculations form a contrast to Mr. Lawrence's mode of philosophising. 'To those who take the present fashion for a model,' says Mr. Pring, 'or who cannot conceive any other mode of inquiring into physical subjects than by experiment, an abstract or speculative work must appear at least impertinent, if not absurd or monstrous.' Nevertheless, as to the main point, the excluding so far as possible 'the real agency of a Deity' from physiological phenomena, and setting up science as the antagonist of faith, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Pring may be considered as worthy coadjutors, notwithstanding they take a method somewhat different. The former is for making eye-sight his ultimate guide; the latter relies on abstract reasoning. The one talks more like a modern French infidel; the other like an old Pagan atheist. There is more absurdity, yet more of an imposing semblance of profundity, about Mr. Pring. There is more malignity, as well as more flippancy, in the infidelity of Mr. Lawrence.

Both these gentlemen, it is remarkable, set out with an attempt to press philology into their service. Mr. Pring has taken the hint for his leading axiom, from the ingenious method of the Philosopher of Purley. The initial sentence of the first book, in which he lays down his 'general principles' respecting truth and causation, is as follows:

'As the word "truth" is used in general, there is nothing further meant by it than that it is synonymous with "belief." Our religion is called the *true* religion: we esteem Christ to be above Mahomet: a Turk says his is the *true* religion, yet he conceives Mahomet to be greater than Christ.'

There is something very admirable, it must be confessed, in this exordium to a physiological inquiry. Its strict pertinency may not at first sight appear; but, so far as we can make out the Author's intention, what he labours to establish is, that all 'truth is relative;' that is to say, truth is opinion, or the sum total of opinions, founded on experience and consciousness. All our thoughts must, he says, be brought to this test, *our* experience. The Turkish creed and the Christian faith rest on precisely the same basis—opinion. But the creed of Mr. Pring



has the advantage of being founded 'on *physical testimony*,' and is of a far more refined and philosophical kind than either; being allied, more closely than to any other known system, to the esoteric faith of the Bramins. He believes in the existence of a Deity; not the Creator of all things, for that, he shews, God could not possibly be. God is but a name for an unknown cause. 'A Divine agency is assigned to begin where analysis, or the knowledge of causes, ends; and therefore, it *happens*, that the assigned extent of the influence of the Deity, is absolutely abridged as science advances; for as known causes are developed, the unknown ceases to be supposed.' Mr. Pring's object, therefore, is to develop these physical causes, in reference to the laws of organic life, so as to exclude, if he can, from the whole extent of physiological science, the influence of the Deity. And seeing that this achievement does not lie within the power of experimental philosophy, he has called in the aid of an atheistic speculation; the leading features of which, so far as any thing so shadowy and shapeless can be said to possess features, are, the eternity of matter, and the pre-existence of Causes anterior and superior to the Deity. Had this volume made its appearance before Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley began his poetical career, we should have entertained no doubt that Mr. Daniel Pring had been his tutor, his Bolingbroke. But Mr. Pring is a poet himself, though he has not chosen to rhapsodize in metre.

The following is part only of a long rhapsody, which cannot be easily paralleled in modern literature, unless it be by some of the passages in "The Revolt of Islam."

'Great Nature, by whatever name expressed, it is to thee I address myself! thee I contemplate! thou art my theme: but where begin to think, where begin to speak of thee! I view, *at night*, a large expanse of hill and dale, shaded with trees, clad in luxuriant verdure; or naked, sighing at the rude attacks of wintry blasts. Imagination paints the extent beyond, where earth is mottled by other shapes and clothing, with other animals to enjoy her fruits. From this terrestrial scene, the view ascends to those revolving orbs, this lofty dome, adorned with stars and planets. These things I contemplate, and wonder, Nature, at the vastness of thy space and works; thy silence breathes into my soul; all is immensity, engendering wonder. Yet this first impression once abated, a speck of thy production, with faculties, the offspring of thy bounty, presumes to scan thy methods, and pry impertinently into ways which thou hast studied to conceal. But forgive the trespass, it is love of thee that prompts the curious zeal, and guides my thoughts astray; it is thy work, that they should adore thee; take it, therefore, not amiss, that falling from the amazement which is first inspired by thee, I seek to know at least thy scheme, though ignorant of thy means, thy instruments, and subtler agencies.'

‘ Thy movements give birth to time, yet thy existence acknowledges no period ; thou hast made time, and wilt not be obedient to thy creature : we boast some records of thy existence, and presume to fix a date to thy beginning ; but if *then* thou didst *commence*, from whence derived ? or how start forth from nothing ? Thy own nature, thy inherent and proper forces, had no share in thy origination, for that would be to date thy actions previous to thy birth. How then didst thou begin ? Methink, the spirit of the hills, at the question, shakes him from his beloved repose ; himself, a part, speaks with a commissioned voice the language of the whole ; yet it is a voice soft and sweet, it floats like a zephyr, and is heard only in the stillness of the world ; it is a whisper to the soul, which swells when it comprehends the great idea, and echoes thus the truth, in accents of its own. “ Search not when that began which has always been ; ages and ages have revolved, myriads of changes have been wrought, forms have been made, endured, and vanished ; destruction has succeeded quickly to creation ; yet Nature was, before all this ; her processes were repeated in periods infinite, which thou, with a capacity for finite purposes, understandest not, but must still think true.”

‘ What sum of admiration is sufficient for this grand world, enclosing in itself an endless series of forms and combinations ! Existence still springing from itself, and by itself perpetuated ; whose beginning no time has witnessed, whose end no period will define ; existing without our knowledge how ; describing various shapes, pursuing various changes, none occurring but existence still compels ; all enduring in their present, or in other forms, *because existence has no power to be nothing.*’ pp. 51—3.

Our readers have by this time had quite enough of Mr. Daniel Pring ; and some of them may even be disposed to think his case one that demanded a medical, rather than a critical notice. We will not vouch for the Author’s sanity, for certainly he has been guilty, in this volume, of a literary *felo de se*. The work has, however, found admirers ; and we know not on what fair ground its Author could be brought in *non compos*, while they should be allowed to pass for men in their sober senses. But, to say nothing of the illiberality which might be charged on such an attempt to ‘ develop the unknown ‘ cause’ of this strange production,—although, on Mr. Pring’s own principles, should a majority concur in the belief that he is mad, the thing must be true, and mad as a March hare he must be,—yet still, we should greatly mistake, were we to suppose that a man must be insane, because he chatters nonsense and impiety, and rhapsodizes, and philosophizes like Mr. Pring. There is too much method in this madness ; and unhappily, the known influence of moral causes in perverting the intellect, presents too ready an explanation of the phenomenon, to warrant the supposition of an unknown cause, or

to justify us in dismissing the volume as the unintelligent effusion of a man discharged from moral accountability by the visitation of God.

We return to Mr. Lawrence. He, too, like Mr. Pring, must needs call in physiology to clear the ground for his speculations.

'Life,' he tells us, 'using the word in its popular and general sense, which at the same time is the only rational and intelligible one, is merely the active state of the animal structure. It includes the notions of sensation, motion, and those ordinary attributes of living beings which are obvious to common observation. It denotes what is apparent to our senses; and cannot be applied to the offspring of metaphysical subtlety, or immaterial abstractions, without a complete departure from its original acceptance,—without obscuring and confusing what is otherwise clear and intelligible.'

He then proceeds to inform his pupils, that the Latin *anima* 'comes from the Greek *ανμος*, wind, and that *spiritus* also means 'merely breath;' that the same is the case with the Greek *πνευμα*.<sup>\*</sup> 'And this,' he says, 'is the original sensible object, out of which all the abstractions and fancies, all the verbal sophistry and metaphysical puzzles, about spirit, have proceeded.'

'Anatomy and physiology should be cultivated together: we should combine observation of the function with examination of the organization. The subjects are often distinctly treated in books: let not, however, this unnatural separation lead you into the error of viewing the vital manifestations as something independent of the organization in which they occur. Bear in mind, that every organ has its living phenomena and its use, and that the chief ultimate object, even of anatomy, is to learn the nature of the function;—on the other hand, that every action of a living being must have its organic apparatus. There is no digestion without an alimentary cavity; no biliary secretion without some kind of liver; no thought without a brain.'

'To talk of life as independent of an animal body,—to speak of a function without reference to an appropriate organ,—is physiologically absurd. It is in opposition to the evidences of our senses and rational faculties: it is looking for an effect without a cause. We might as reasonably expect day-light while the sun is below the horizon. What should we think of abstracting elasticity, cohesion, gravity, and bestowing on them a separate existence from the bodies in which those properties are seen?'

---

\* This is the gentleman who, in a note to his first page, sneeringly talks of Mr. Abernethy's *early lessons* in anatomy. 'When we consider,' he says, 'that the audience to whom these Lectures were delivered, comprised the venerable elders of our profession, the general body of London surgeons, and the students of the several schools of medicine,' &c.!!



Before we enter into any argument on the general subject, we must premise a few remarks on the dogmatism by which the above passage is characterised. This is not quite the spirit of a philosopher. Such shallow assertions might impose on a student of the first year, when taken by surprise, and anxious, above all things, not to fall into a physiological absurdity. They might pass unexamined and undoubted in the lecture-room. But Mr. Lawrence's name will have no such charm with the public. An infidel dogmatist is, of all dogmatists, the most insufferable, because what he is so positive about, is—non-existence, negation: what he is so peremptory in asserting, is, his *doubts*. Whatever reasons the Materialist might have to urge in support of the opinion, that 'there is no thought without a brain,' it is, in the nature of things, impossible, that he could demonstrate his negative position. He may imagine himself authorised to withhold his belief from a tenet which he considers as not resting upon the evidence appropriate to physical science, the evidence of the senses. But neither the inductive philosophy nor common-sense would teach a man stoutly to affirm the impossibility of a thing which, if not proved to exist, cannot be proved not to exist, or to maintain the certainty of what, from the nature of the thing, eludes the observation of the senses. If the position, that life is independent of organization, involved a contradiction in terms, he might safely affirm that it could not be true. But then, it would not only be 'physiologically absurd,' but metaphysically and theologically absurd too. For, however Mr. Lawrence may think to save appearances by such cant phrases as 'physiologically speaking,' and by exhorting his pupils to bear in mind, that 'the theological doctrine of the soul and its separate existence have nothing to do with the physiological question,'—a physiological absurdity, if it means any thing, means a physical contradiction; and a real contradiction in physics, cannot be a theological truth. On the other hand, what is true, theologically speaking, cannot be absurd, physiologically speaking, because two different truths cannot contradict each other, which would be for truth to contradict itself. Unless, therefore, Mr. Lawrence could prove that the theological doctrine of the soul implies a physical contradiction, such as would be involved in the assertion that 2 and 2 make 5, he could have no possible ground for affirming the physiological absurdity of its separate existence, even on his own principles. His dogmatism is as unphilosophical as it is indecent.

But, if the nature and separate existence of the soul have nothing to do with the physiological question, which, in a certain sense we admit, why mix up negative assertions re-

specting its nature with such investigations? This is what we blame Mr. Lawrence for; not for his infidel opinions, for which he must answer at another tribunal. Here is a man who tells you he has nothing to do with any thing for which he has not the evidence of his senses, and yet carries his rash and crude speculations into a subject wholly foreign from his inquiries, and totally beyond the reach of observation. And he does this in a way adapted to prejudice his pupils against any other mode of investigation, or species of evidence. It is on this we found our charge of sinister, of deliberately irreligious intention. He tells them, that the theological doctrine of an immaterial spirit is 'in opposition to their senses and rational faculties.' A manifest falsehood, but, if credited, of no use whatever in their inquiries into animal structure and function. We defy Mr. Lawrence to shew that a single consequence of the slightest scientific or practical value, could be deduced from the alleged fact, that there is no thought without a brain. He will not seriously contend, that a firm believer in the Hunterian doctrine of life, to say nothing of the theological doctrine of the soul, may not be as skilful a practitioner and as profound a physiologist, as the most inveterate materialist. That the vital principle, or the animal function of life, or whatever else it be termed, is incapable of manifesting itself in man independent of organization, is admitted on all hands: the connexion between them is undeniable. And this acknowledged connexion explains all the phenomena of life just as well, and answers every physiological purpose just as well, as the notion of the Materialist, who confounds connexion with identity, who affirms that function is a mere effect of an unintelligent cause, and that an apparatus is not a means, but a power. These absurdities of his are, therefore, gratuitous absurdities. He has gone out of his way to give the lie to the Scriptures and the common sense of mankind. And on this account, his conduct as a Lecturer is wholly inexcusable, because no motive, at least no good motive, can be assigned for his stepping beyond the line of a prudent neutrality on subjects professedly foreign from his inquiries.

Will it be urged in defence of our Lecturer, that he has but translated and retailed the doctrines of the French physiologists? Will it be said, that Mr. Lawrence has been inadvertently misled by his admiration of Bichat, and other men to whom science is greatly indebted, into these atheistical errors? Were the plea valid, it would amount to no better defence than is set up by the utterer of forged notes, that he is not so bad as the forger. But the manner in which the Author has vented these articles of disbelief, his dogmatism, his ungen-



temerity abuse of Mr. Abernethy, his laborious reiteration of the lessons of infidelity, while they shew that he has not erred through inadvertence, deprive him of all claim to our indulgence or respect. He may suppress his work, or he may republish it, according as sordid calculations or a regard for his own character may dictate. We anticipate little permanent harm from its circulation; for the argumentation is too flimsy to stand the test of perusal. But he cannot undo the harm he may have done in the lecture-room, where, taking advantage of the ignorance and the passions of the young men whose instruction was confided to him, he has undermined their religious principles, and encouraged them to shake off the restraints imposed by the hope and dread of an hereafter. This part of his conduct, had these lectures never passed the press, would have stamped his character with the broad mark of execration. And unless the rank of the culprit is to be the criterion of guilt, Carlile, in comparison with such a man, is a venial offender against society.

But how stands the question of Materialism? It is a very old doctrine, as every school-boy knows; and the sects of materialists have been almost as numerous and as various as the denominations of Christendom. There were the Epicurean materialists, who ascribed every thing to atoms and chance, whose absurdities have been immortalized by Lucretius; the Peripatetic materialists, who discarded chance and atoms in favour of a *nec quid, nec quantum, nec quale*, and an eternal, ever-shifting necessity; and the believers in the Stratonian doctrine of *librations*. In modern times, we have had the *thinking matter* of Hobbes and Spinoza, the *vibrations* of Hartley, and the *immaterial matter* and soul-sleeping scheme of Priestley. The chief difference between these several schools and the French *organologists*, is, that the latter would transfer the doctrine of Materialism from metaphysics to physiology; substituting organization for the atoms, or corpuscles, or emanations, or subtile fluids of the old philosophers, and making the soul a palpable thinking substance,—a modification of ‘medullary matter.’ Life itself is, it seems, nothing but organization set in motion: ‘it is,’ says M. Bichat, ‘the assemblage of those functions which resist death.’ Thought and volition are but functions of the animal, constituting part of his life, and produced by his organization: they are merely certain states or activities of the brain, developments of certain vital properties resident in the structure.

There is an end, then, to the fine-spun notion of a subtile, ethereal matter, a breath, a *πνεῦμα*, which was once imagined to be *thin enough to think*. This metaphysical soul is as great



an absurdity, 'physiologically speaking,' as the theological soul referred to by Sir Charles Morgan. The whole difference between solid, inert, gravitating matter, and perceptive, thinking, feeling matter, is—organization. If a cabbage had a brain, it would think as well as we do. But thought does not enter into the assemblage of its functions, and therefore it must remain content with vegetative life. Thus, our physiological materialists would at least do us the service of ridding us of the metaphysicians. Theirs is Materialism brought down to the level of the meanest capacity. Abstruse disquisitions on the necessary properties of matter and spirit, the doctrine of a *vis inertiae* on the one hand, or the theory of a mutual penetration of matter, on the other, are within the compass of the thinking functions of but few happily constituted organs. But, that the brain secretes thought, just as the liver secretes bile, is an assertion so easy and familiar as to require only a usual degree of activity in the medullary organ, or of delicacy of fibre, in order to its being instantaneously perceived.

When the separate existence of the soul was formerly agitated, the question was, whether the thinking principle must not needs have a material vehicle; and it was at least a harmless fancy which endowed it with a finer body of thin air, to prevent its escaping altogether from the relations of time and place, and becoming a vague and boundless entity. But now, we need not rack imagination to provide a vehicle rare enough for the disembodied spirit: such shadowy matter would not answer its purpose. To talk of a *vehicle* for the spirit, whether aerial or fleshly, would be as physiologically absurd, as to talk of a vehicle for elasticity. It is the nerves, blood, and medullary matter that think; and when these are deprived of their vital properties, the man undergoes a chemical decomposition, in which the soul escapes, like caloric, and mixes with inert and unorganised matter. The epitaph which a wag wrote on the most distinguished of modern Pyrrhonists, would seem to be, after all, no joke, but a most accurate account of the *biological catastrophe*.

‘ Here lie comprest in oaken chest,  
Or here did once at least lie,  
The blood, and veins, and bones, and brains,  
And soul of Dr. Priestley.’

The hypothesis of Materialism, (for it is nothing more than an hypothesis,) will not require a moment's examination in order to the detection of its fallacy, from any one that receives the testimony of Divine Inspiration respecting the separate state, and the immediate transition of the soul of the believer to the presence of Christ. This source of evidence, how un-

tisfactory soever to the man who perversely demands ocular demonstration of the existence of spirit,—like a blind man who should call for auricular demonstration of the light of the sun or the beauty of colour,—the direct mode of proof supplied by Revelation will be that to which the Christian will first and last recur, as the basis of his assurance that when absent from the body he shall be present with the Lord. But it is some satisfaction to be able to demolish the vain pretences of a spurious and arrogant philosophy; and this may be done without going very deep into either mathematical or physiological speculations.

Every one knows, without the aid of a definition, what idea we mean to convey by the words matter and mind. Between the objects which I see, hear, or feel, whose sensible qualities of size, shape, colour, and texture, I think of as making up their essence; and the thoughts and feelings of which I am conscious, and which, from my own consciousness, I learn to ascribe to others;—between these two different classes of things, I make not an arbitrary, but a necessary distinction, when I consider the first as properties or forms of *matter*, the latter as acts of *mind*. Of matter, I inevitably think as having some form, and occupying some place, as discernible by its sensible qualities of extension, figure, and solidity; nor can I divest it of these qualities in idea, without depriving it of its existence, without reducing it to nothing. But of thought, or the thinking principle, I cannot imagine otherwise than that it is invisible, intangible, without figure or solidity, occupying no space, incapable of analysis; that is, having no parts. What matter is, or what mind is, I cannot define any better than that they are the assemblage of these opposite properties—the properties of which I obtain a knowledge by means of my senses, and the properties which have no relation to my senses, but which belong to my conscious self. Now, when the philosopher tells me that it is the same substance to which both these different sorts of properties belong, and that I am only thinking matter, I must ask him in the first place, What does he mean by matter? There must be at least wonderfully different kinds of matter, for one sort to be distinguished from another sort by opposite qualities, which I cannot even conceive of as attaching to the same thing. And if both are matter, it might still be very convenient, for distinction's sake, to call the one sort of matter, matter, and the other sort, mind.

But this, we are told, would be physiologically absurd, since mind is not a different substance, but only a result of a certain modification of matter called organization, which distinguishes live matter from dead matter. But both are matter; for matter

is every thing, and every thing is matter. According to this definition,—and we can assure our readers it is the most philosophical one we have been able to deduce from the writings of the Materialists,—there is no denying that mind is matter, because it is *something*. But what is this same thing *life*, which we find attaching to certain portions of organized matter? Here is a new principle, not essential to matter, because I can think of matter as destitute of it, and perceive it to be actually destitute of it in the greater variety of its forms. It is therefore a principle distinct from its essence; not necessary to its identity, for organized matter may become deprived of this principle, and yet, retain for a while its sensible qualities; but an accident attaching to matter,—a new property superinduced upon it. What is this property? Is it material or immaterial?

Life, says M. Bichat, is ‘an assemblage of functions;’ ‘a sum total of functions,’ says Sir Charles Morgan; ‘the result of their exercise,’ says Mr. Lawrence, or ‘the result of the peculiar composition which distinguishes living bodies;’ ‘an organic spirit,’ says Mr. Pring; ‘the peculiar condition or mode of existence of living beings,’ says the Author of the article *Life* in Rees’s Cyclopaedia; ‘union and cooperation of soul with body,’ says the Prince of Lexicographers. And if in this last definition, which is all the better for being somewhat loose, and is as correct as any,—the Dr. may seem to favour the notion, that to talk of life as independent of an animal body is incorrect, he has sixteen other definitions behind, which tell the other way. But what light do any or all of these definitions throw on the subject? Mr. Rennell, in his Remarks on Scepticism, defines Life, or active existence, to be ‘inherent activity.’ But this, again, is only putting a part of an idea for the whole; the fault of almost all attempts at metaphysical definition: it explains nothing. The fact is, that we use the word in all Dr. Johnson’s seventeen different acceptations; and the attempt to fix it to any one, leads only to confusion. It is a condition, a mode, an assemblage of functions, a series of phenomena, a system, a result, an energy, a spirit; it is activity, vitality, it is—life.

But what is the principle on which those functions of organized bodies which we call their life, depend? ‘On organization,’ say the Materialists: life is an attribute of organized matter. But an organ is an instrument, and organization is only a system of instruments, or an orderly arrangement of parts. How comes that series of functions which we call life, to be exercised by that system of parts which we call organization? It is not a property of matter *as* matter, to live, or even to move; nor is it a necessary property of organised



matter, since that may cease to live, and it then only returns to the natural state of matter, which is inert. How, then, can a mere different arrangement of matter, confer on it a property the very opposite to that which belongs to its nature? To answer, Because it is organized, is absurd, since, were its organization the cause of its life, an organized being could not cease to live; or, at least, death could not precede the mechanical destruction of its organization. But life is that which *produces* this very arrangement of parts on which itself is said to depend. It is life which makes matter take the shape and acquire the organization by means of which its subsequent functions are carried on. Organization, therefore, may be said to be the effect, rather than the cause of life. Could matter come into life of itself, it would be an effect without a cause. Under any form, organized or unorganized, it must derive its motion, or whatever properties it is susceptible of, from a cause external to itself. That property which we call life, is invariably found to be propagated by life; and organization is nothing more than a susceptibility in matter so arranged, of receiving imparted life. To seek the origin of life in matter is, therefore, even physiologically speaking, absurd. The proximate cause of the life of one being, is, not its organization, or the adaptation of certain parts to certain functions, but *the life of another being*, to which it stands related as its offspring or production. And the power of imparting that life, must *à fortiori* be referred, not to the organization of that other being, but to a final cause infinitely removed from our observation, the Self-existent Parent and Fountain of life.

Now, in calling this an immaterial principle, what more do we mean, than that it is not inherent in matter, or necessary to matter; that matter can exist without it, and that there is no tendency in dead or inert matter to become of itself active, living matter? It is immaterial, because it is a foreign or imparted principle, leading matter continually to exert an activity which in itself it does not possess; nay, more, which it has a constant tendency to lose; the existence of its parts forming no security for the continuance of their functions. What? exclaims our indignant Lecturer, an immaterial principle in the brute, in the oyster, in the polype? We answer, there is something more than mere matter: there is motion, and the power of motion; there is imparted life. It might seem ridiculous to speak of the soul of an oyster; but, according to Mr. Lawrence's notions, it were not less absurd to speak of the soul of a man;—unless by soul, we mean nothing more than life; and then, an oyster, as well as a man, may be said to have a soul. Be it so. 'The immateriality of the human

‘soul,’ it has been well remarked, ‘doth not fall, though the souls of brutes are at the same time immaterial: nor doth the rational soul’s being *such*, depend upon the brute soul’s being not such. Though both are immaterial, it doth not follow that both are therefore equal, or of the same kind of immaterial Beings; which the objection tacitly supposes; or that there are the same reasons why the souls of brutes should subsist after they are separated from their material systems, as that the human soul should. The one’s being *rational*, and the other *irrational*, is certainly a *specific difference*, which argues a *difference of design* in the Author of these two kinds of immaterial beings; unless we would say that a Being infinitely wise made specifically different beings, and not for different purposes. The same reasons do not conclude a soul immortal, which conclude it immaterial; and though the immateriality of it is not against its immortality, but rather a strong symptom of it; yet, without better reasons, the conclusion would be precarious and ill-supported.’\*

Hitherto, we have been using the word *soul* as synonymous with the life of a thing, or as the cause why matter lives. This principle, being separable from matter, and not partaking of the necessary properties of matter, (namely, solidity, configuration, and inertness,) we term immaterial or spiritual. But what the soul is in its own essence, we know just as well as we know what is the essence of matter, which some have resolved into indivisible atoms, while Dr. Priestley, who seems to have waged war equally against mind and matter, makes it to be ‘a number of centres of attraction and repulsion.’† Those who deny to organized matter an immaterial spontaneous mover, affirm in effect, that the configuration of certain parts is the cause of their motion, that function is the result of mere structure, that the mechanism is the power that moves it: which assertions, however illogical, would be perfectly innocent, were it life only, vegetable or even animal life, which is supposed to be nothing more than a quality of solid, extended, sensible matter. But the absurdity does not stop here.

If the connexion between matter and motion is so inscrutable as to lead us to refer the gravitation of an apple, to an unknown law operating externally on the falling body; if the phenomenon of spontaneous internal motion or growth, being still more repugnant to the known sensible qualities of matter, refers us for its cause to an immaterial soul, acting upon and through the substance which undergoes that mysterious process or series of changes; how are we to conceive of a certain

---

\* Baxter on the Soul. Vol. I. p. 211. † Rees’s Cyclop. Art. Matter.



arrangement of matter, as issuing in *consciousness*? Yet, such is the doctrine of the Materialist! Inert matter of a certain texture, under a certain arrangement of its parts called organization, becomes *living* matter. Let living matter be somewhat differently modified in its form and chemical constituents, and from that arrangement of solids and fluids, will result—*sensation*. Let that ‘reticular contractile tissue with fluids in its interstices,’ which constitutes the essence of the animal structure, undergo another arrangement of its chemical and mechanical composition, and it will *think*! The structure is not simply in these several cases, ‘the measure and criterion of the function,’ but function is represented as the result of structure; and sensation and thought arise from its mechanical action. That which ‘perceives, remembers, judges, reasons,’ is, says our sapient Lecturer, the medulla of the brain, which, Bichat tells us, is dissolved by the action of caustic alkali. Thus, the thinking faculty is a species of matter whose chemical composition is capable of being held in solution by caustic alkali! Having proceeded so far towards the analysis of thought, who can tell but that, in the progress of animal chemistry, we may one day arrive at the art of producing that wonderful combination from which sentient, thinking matter may be originated?

There can be ‘no thought without a brain.’ ‘I acknowledge,’ says Mr. Lawrence, ‘that we are entirely ignorant *how* the parts of the brain accomplish those purposes (of perceiving, remembering, judging, &c.), *as we are* how the liver secretes bile,’ &c. There is nothing so convenient as an analogy. The thinking brain secretes thought, we do not know how; of course we do not, nor do we ask how. We are inquiring into facts. Now, the action of the brain being, like that of the liver, a mechanical, or, if you please, a chemical action, or something partaking of both, that which it secretes, or upon which it acts, must, like the bile elaborated by the liver, be a material substance capable of being so acted upon: it may be solid, fluid, or aëriiform, but it must be matter. If the thinking organ is matter, thought, as secreted by that organ, must needs be a product of analogous or correspondent nature. Otherwise, we should have an effect not answering to its cause, a material organ secreting an immaterial substance; and then, as Mr. Lawrence ingeniously argues, in exposing the physiological absurdity of those who contend ‘that thought is not an act of the brain, but of an immaterial substance, residing in or connected with it,’—this large and curious structure would have nothing, after all, to do: its office would ‘be only one remove above a sinecure.’ Like the bile which is secreted by



the liver, the finer secretions of the thinking organ must needs partake of the known qualities of matter; to wit, extension, divisibility, figure, texture, and colour. This may at first stagger a novice unaccustomed to physiological speculations, and still labouring under metaphysical prejudices. But what can be plainer than that thought does actually possess the properties of matter? Do we not speak of *black* designs, of *green* projects, of *close* reasonings, of *thin* artifices, and *extended* speculations? Do we not speak of *analysing* a thought, which implies that it has parts? Do we not attach weight, solidity, and beauty to thought? And has not Mr. Lawrence taught us, that etymology is the key to physiological inquiries; that *spiritus* is only breath, and *anima* a wind? What is *cogitatio*, thought, but motion (*qu. coagitatio*)—a moving or stirring together? And is not motion a sensible quality? As to not being able to see a thought, would it not be enough that we can feel it? But Mr. Lawrence *has seen it*. At least, we gather as much from his expressions, when he says: 'Yet no feeling, no thought, no intellectual operation has ever been *seen*, except in conjunction with a brain.' There is no standing against ocular demonstration.

We have not yet arrived at the crowning absurdity of Materialism. Life and intellect, we have seen, are, on this hypothesis, identified with organization; and Mr. Lawrence goes so far as to intimate, that 'a Newton or a Shakspeare excels other mortals only by a more ample development of the anterior cerebral lobes, by having an extra inch of brain in the right place.'

'If,' says he, 'we come to inquire how, *the mechanism by which* these things are effected, we shall find every thing around us equally mysterious, equally incomprehensible, from the stone which falls to the earth, to the comet traversing the heavens, from the thread attracted by amber or sealing-wax, to the revolutions of planets in their orbits, from the formation of a maggot in putrid flesh, or a mite in cheese, *to the production of a Newton or a Franklin.*'

A Newton or a Franklin the production of mechanism! This is, indeed, incomprehensible. We know not why the man who believes this, should reject Transubstantiation on account of its being incredible. And yet, we do not imagine that Mr. Lawrence is a Papist. But supposing for a moment, that it is the brain that *thinks*, what is that which *wills*? Is that medullary matter too? To perceive, to remember, to judge, to reason, are enumerated by our Lecturer as acts of the brain. Whose acts are those volitions which relate to moral good and evil? We do not speak of the passions, for these, M. Bichat has informed us, are mere organic impulses, the product

of the action of that system of internal organs, the functions of which make up organic life. But we speak of those moral acts of volition, if Mr. Lawrence will allow us to use such an old fashioned word as moral, to which it has hitherto been customary to attach the ideas of virtuous or vicious, meritorious or blameworthy. Do *these* acts depend for their specific character on an extra inch of brain, on elasticity of fibre, or on physical temperament? Is that law of consciousness by which we arrive at the idea of moral responsibility, a law impressed upon matter? Is the conscience nothing more than the result of organization? We know not, and we care not, what answer our Physiologist would give to these questions. In his work, he has studiously evaded the subject of morals; although, far from deeming it a subject foreign from his inquiries, he tells us, that 'such inquiries afford the only clue to direct our course through the intricate mazes of morals', and that they lead specifically to the knowledge of the *moral* qualities of man. To be consistent, he must believe that virtue and vice, as well as genius, and fancy, and memory, are properties of matter. Goodness and depravity, then, are mere conditions of organic life. Gratitude, benevolence, hatred, cruelty, are nothing more than mechanical impulses, or functions of organized matter. Conscience is an animal emotion, and faith a morbid peculiarity of the nervous system. Thus are we conducted through the intricate mazes of morals, to a fatalism far more demoralizing, and far more absurd than either the atheistic necessity of chance, or the Mahomedan Predestination. And all this, as the result of the profound discoveries made 'amid the blood and filth of the dissecting-room!'

But let us examine the bearing of Mr. Lawrence's cardinal argument for the materiality of mind—we call it his, although it is a very old and stale sophism—as respects the moral nature of man.

'Examine,' he says, 'the mind, the grand prerogative of man. Where is the mind of the *fœtus*? where that of the child just born? Do we not see it actually built up before our eyes by the actions of the five external senses, and of the gradually developed faculties? Do we not trace it advancing by a slow progress through infancy and childhood, to the perfect expansion of its faculties in the adult; annihilated for a time by a blow on the head, or the shedding of a little blood in apoplexy; decaying as the body declines in old age; and finally reduced to an amount hardly perceptible, when the body, worn out by the mere exercise of the organs, reaches by the simple operation of natural decay, that state of decrepitude most aptly termed second childhood? Where then shall we find proofs of the mind's independence on the bodily structure? of that mind, which, like the corporeal frame, is infantile in the child, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated in disease, phrensied



or melancholy in the madman, enfeebled in the decline of life, doting in decrepitude, and annihilated by death?

‘Take away from the mind of man, or *from that of any other animal*, the operations of the five external senses, and the functions of the brain, and what will be left behind?’

The day is coming when Mr. Lawrence *will know what*.—We will not stay to remark on the inaccuracy of the above statement, as overlooking those important *exceptions* which, by disproving the universality of the alleged fact, invalidate the force of his conclusion even as regards the intellect. We admit the sympathetic connexion—who has ever called it in question?—between the organ and the immaterial principle. Nay, we may admit, that every act of mind involves some mechanical act of the brain. But we maintain that what sets the mechanism in motion, is not, and cannot be matter, because matter is incapable of spontaneously changing its own state. ‘It is as absurd to say,’ remarks Andrew Baxter, ‘that the *spontaneous principle* is nothing but the subtile matter which by its action it conveys into the substance of the muscle destined to be the instrument of the designed motion; as it would be to say, that the *living force* applied (by the man) to the rod or winch of the pump, is nothing different from that winch or handle.’ And it is as absurd, we may add, to bring forward the phenomena of disease or decay, as proofs that the mind is a mere function of mechanical structure, as it would be to argue from the necessary concurrence of mechanical principles in the action of the pump, and from the impossibility of working it when by any means the valves had become injured, that the living force which moved it, was in the pump. For what else is the cause of the appearances of feebleness or decay which the mind exhibits in infants, decrepit people, or idiots, but the ineptitude of the mechanical instruments and apparatus of voluntary motion? Does disease or age affect *the will*? Yet, willing is the essential act—some have maintained that it is the only action—of the human soul: ‘all that it doth when it acts, is,’ it has been said, ‘only exerting an act of volition.’ ‘The common sense of mankind,’ continues the acute metaphysician just referred to, ‘doth not allow or imagine it possible, that disease or age should affect the will, or weaken the intensity of our desires; and we are (therefore) subject to no decays or depredations of time in respect of that which is the proper activity and power of the soul. But the Epicurean hath palmed upon us the accidents of the body, as belonging to the soul itself; because, *by the law of their present union*, it is forced to sympathize with them. It was while he looked



‘ upon his arms, that Milo wept and cried; *At hi quidem jam mortui sunt.*’

As regards, then, that which is the very essence of mind—spontaneity; as regards that which constitutes the essence of every moral action—the will; as regards the specific character of our volitions as intense or feeble, virtuous or vicious; the mind is shewn to be absolutely independent on the bodily structure. Between the physiological history of the individual, and his moral progress, there is absolutely no connexion or correspondence. The decay of muscular or of nervous force is attended by no diminution in the intensity of volition; nor does the failure of the memory or the diminished facility of perception, indicate any failure, any diminution in the activity of the affections. And if it did, (as sometimes, though not uniformly, the affections seem to lose their vigour in old age, while the physical and mental powers remain unenfeebled; that is to say, the bodily temperament undergoes a change, the mind remaining the same,) yet still, diminished force of action would leave the moral quality of that action, as good or evil, wholly unaccounted for. The doctrines of Phrenology and Craniology respecting innate propensities, far from favouring the supposition of the Materialist, present an insuperable objection to his hypothesis. For, granting that such original dispositions and propensities exist, the fact, that in a very large proportion of instances, they remain inert, are never betrayed in the conduct, and appear to be finally subdued and eradicated by a *moral process*, proves the existence of something within us mightier than the brain, since it can master it. We will not here anticipate the argument which Mr. Abernethy has so happily directed against the organological speculations, and to which we intend to direct the attention of our readers in a separate article. We shall simply repeat, that the formation of the moral character, the growth of virtuous or of vicious habits, the gradual or sudden change frequently superinduced upon previous habits, the total revolution sometimes effected in the character, the energy of the desires under disease, debility, and physical decay, and the triumph of the soul in death, are all facts in the history of mind, not merely unaccounted for by the crude speculations of the Materialist, but presenting a striking contrast to the sensible appearances and the pathological observations on which they are founded.

That the intellectual principle is merely disturbed by diseased structure or disordered bodily function, is rendered in the highest degree probable, if not certain, by the familiar phenomenon of a return of reason in the lunatic immediately preceding death. Mr. Lawrence tells us, that insanity is always

attended by diseased brain. How will he account for this sudden re-appearance of the rational faculty in a brain still remaining diseased, just before the final cessation of its functions? But there is another display of the undecaying energies of mind, still more familiar to those who have had opportunities of witnessing 'how a Christian can die.' We allude to the tranquil yet intense operation of the affections—faith and hope, love and joy, in the very last stage of bodily debility. Although the action of the heart shall be scarcely perceptible, and the languid circulation shall have ceased to communicate vital warmth to the extremities; although the brain itself shall partake in the general languor of the bodily functions, and the mental powers shall in consequence have become feeble, so that it is only at intervals and by painful efforts that the sufferer can collect his thoughts; although death shall have actually commenced his work upon all which he can destroy; at the moment that, according to the zoological doctrine, the man touches the very point of annihilation; yet, even then, the spirit which wills, which desires, which loves, the conscious spirit, undismayed, unenfeebled, shall exhibit the entireness of all its moral functions, and their total independence on the bodily structure, in a manner which shall make the sceptic half-believe and tremble.

The argument is by no means exhausted, but we must draw our observations to a close. Several distinct objections to the hypothesis of the Materialist, remain unnoticed. For instance, how mind acts upon matter, or how thought acts upon the nervous fluid and originates muscular motion, is, on his supposition and on ours, equally inexplicable. But it belongs to him to explain, how that which is confessedly immaterial, should have the effect it produces on the substance of the brain: for instance, why a physical agitation should be produced by the exhibition of a few lines of writing, the mere colour and figure of which are not adapted to produce any distinct sensation; and how matter can, without contact, act upon matter. The Scriptural argument, we have also intentionally waived. But there remains one consideration, which, notwithstanding that Mr. Lawrence might choose to call it theological, ought not to be excluded from a philosophical inquiry; and its force cannot be evaded by any one who believes in the personality of the Deity. Mr. Lawrence tells us, that there is 'no thought without a brain.' He affirms this on the ground of his own observation; the contrary supposition involving, in his opinion, either a physical impossibility, or, at best, a gratuitous hypothesis. He has never *seen* a thinking being without a brain, and he therefore treats the supposition that thought can subsist



without that organ, as a physiological absurdity. It becomes a philosopher, however, to bear in mind, as we hinted at the outset, that the laws of reasoning are common to all the departments of science, those departments being only artificial arrangements of the subjects of our knowledge. We find it convenient to arrange the facts with which experience, reasoning, or testimony makes us acquainted, first, under the twofold grand division—physics and ethics, to subdivide the former class into physiology, chemistry, mechanics, &c., and to break these down again into various subordinate heads of study or inquiry. But still, these distinctions are mere terms of arrangement. This mode of classification is rendered necessary by the limitation of our faculties and the imperfection of our knowledge. To suppose, therefore, that one subdivision can present truths at variance with those which class under another subdivision, is highly irrational; and it is equally so, to imagine that we have nothing to do, in pursuing one branch of inquiry, with what is certainly true occurring under another branch. It never can be wise, to reject truth because it is not that kind of truth we are in search of, or to reject, in that search, any aid, or any species of evidence, because it is not that mode of proof which we have assumed to be proper to our immediate subject.

Admitting, then, the propriety of the distinction between the subjects of physiological science and those which are generally considered as belonging to theology, we must still maintain, that the physiologist cannot be at liberty to set aside any theological doctrine that bears upon his reasonings, till he has proved that doctrine to be false. The presumption in favour of its truth, is at least strong enough to render a disbelief previous to examination, irrational. A man ought to have good ground for his doubt as well as for his belief. His doubt may proceed from his ignorance; and in that case it can only mislead his inquiries. A man who doubts what others believe, especially what the wisest of men have believed, and have believed age after age, if he has not superior knowledge to rest those doubts upon it, acts a part as unphilosophical as it may be perilous. And if he should discover a solicitude under such circumstances, to propagate his negative belief, to disseminate those unreasonable doubts, should he even betray warmth and intolerance in the assertion of them, and pride himself on having, by his contempt of evidence, fortified himself in a cheerless uncertainty, we must seek for an explanation of his conduct, not in any rational principle, but in a malignant perversity of intellect. It has been well remarked, and Mr. Lawrence only adds another instance to the numberless illustrations of the fact, that



‘ no man ever set up to be a cool doubter, but with the view of being a warm zealot.’

We have digressed from the theological consideration to which we wish to advert as, in our view, of sufficient force in itself to overturn the whole baseless hypothesis of Materialism. It is this. There is at least *one mode of thought without a brain*; a mode, we admit, infinitely transcending our conception, and to which the intellectual functions of human beings may be thought to furnish a very faint analogy,—the mode of the Divine Existence. We are not insisting, however, upon any resemblance between the acts of an infinite and the operations of a finite mind. But we cannot conceive of the Deity otherwise than as possessing in an infinite degree, and under modes partaking of the inscrutable nature of his existence, thought, power, volition, the attributes of mind, and as being strictly and perfectly immaterial. There is, then, as existing in the Divine mind, thought without organization; or to speak in a manner more becoming the subject, *there is such a thing as mind, because there is God*. And the existence of mind being thus ascertained, together with its total separation from matter in at least that one perfect and infinite mode of existence, it is impossible to prove that a *finite* mind may not exist independent of matter. Nay, more; a very strong presumption is thus afforded, that the thing is possible. Its being conceivable, shews that no contradiction, consequently no absurdity, is involved in the supposition. Our ignorance as to the mode in which it could so subsist, is no valid objection, since we are equally ignorant how the Divine mind subsists; and the objection would equally apply to the very existence of God. To atheism, indeed, materialism will always be found tending; as from something very closely allied to atheism it proceeds. In the case of Mr. Pring, (although *his* notion of an organic spirit is more rational than that of a self-moving organization,) materialism appears in its genuine character. “And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge,” says St. Paul in accounting for the crimes of the Pagan philosophers. We may assign the same cause for the follies of our own infidels: they want to get rid of the idea of God. But true philosophy embraces as the object of its search and its affection, *all truth*: it will avail itself of every mode of proof; it will welcome every species of evidence. In this respect, the sciolists and sophists of the French school, whom Mr. Lawrence worships, shew themselves to be any thing but true philosophers. But “*we know*,” on evidence their puny efforts can never obscure, much less invalidate, “that if our earthly residence of this tent

" were dissolved, we have in the heavens, a building of God,  
" not made with hands, eternal ; and therefore are we always  
" confident. Knowing that while we are at home in the body,  
" we are absent from the Lord, we are confident, and willing  
" rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the  
" Lord."

---

Art. II. *Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa.* By William J. Burchell, Esq. Vol. I. 4to. pp. 582. Price £4. 14s. 6d. London. 1822.

**T**HE details of Mr. Burchell's travels have been looked for with considerable interest. It was known that he had employed several years in active researches; that he had applied himself diligently to the elucidation of the geography, the natural history, and the national distinctions of the Southern regions of Africa; and that he had succeeded in obtaining an immense collection of specimens in the various departments of animal and vegetable production. In prosecuting his investigations, he travelled over ground previously unexplored, which has enabled him to supply much valuable information, and to clear up some of the doubts and difficulties which have hitherto been connected with our knowledge of those tracts. Under these circumstances, we cannot but regret that he has adopted a mode of publication calculated in many respects to repel curiosity, and to detract from the interest which a vigorous compression of his materials into one volume might have excited. Klaarwater and the country in the vicinity of the different branches of the Gariep, limited the excursions described in this first volume: the more novel and gratifying researches into the further regions, have been altogether postponed until the appearance of the second. The travels of Latrobe, Lichstenstein, Barrow, Campbell, and others, with the papers of the Missionary Transactions, have long made us familiar with the scenery and the native tribes which are described in this portion of the work; and Mr. Burchell's diligent investigations of natural history require something more in the way of graphic illustration, to make them universally acceptable.

It was on the 26th of November, 1810, that Mr. B. landed at Cape Town, after having been in considerable danger from the stormy weather so common in that quarter, and which gave to the Southern extremity of Africa its original name. Here he met with a cordial reception from Mr. Hesse, the Lutheran minister, at whose house he took up his residence, and who forwarded in every way his projects of scientific research.



Botanizing rambles in the neighbourhood of the Cape, with excursions to Zwarteberg, Genadenthal, Stellenbosch, and Tulbagh, occupied the time pleasantly and usefully until June 19, 1811, when, after having experienced great difficulty in procuring a sufficient number of natives to attend him, he set out for the interior. Previously to his departure, considerable anxiety had been excited by several shocks of earthquake. The first, indeed, seems to have originated, not in the earth, but in the atmosphere: loud explosions, resembling the burst of thunder, shook the buildings to their foundations, and drove the terrified inhabitants into the open air. The sky was cloudless and calm, but a misty vapour, like that which frequently accompanies damp and sultry weather, hung on the surrounding objects. The second occurrence of this alarming phenomenon, was altogether different in its character. There was no loud and sudden report, but the earth vibrated, while a hollow tremulous sound, 'somewhat resembling a smothered howling,' seemed to pass along the ground from North to South.

Mr. Burchell had for a fellow-traveller, Mr. Anderson the missionary, who, with his wife, was returning to Klaarwater, from which station he had been absent two years. The preparations made by Mr. B. were on a scale from which we should have been disposed to anticipate much inconvenience. His arrangements, however, seem to have been so judiciously made, as to obviate this in a great degree; and his waggon, with its well contrived adjustment of chests, bedding, canvas partition, and vacant space, answered in all respects as a commodious travelling habitation. He carried with him a library of more than fifty volumes, but he does not seem to have relied sufficiently on the pencil for obviating the necessity of finding room for sundry articles of bulk, such as 'deal packing-cases,' and 'reams of paper.' We admit that it is more satisfactory to have brought home the actual subjects than mere drawings, especially as we have some doubts of Mr. Burchell's skill as an artist; but, in the first instance, it would have been wiser to provide as light an equipment as possible, relying on colour and camel's hair, than to start with a vehicle 'greatly overloaded,' and to incur the risk of failure in the conveyance of specimens, collected with difficulty, and prepared with infinite trouble. In fact, notwithstanding the judgement with which he had arranged his furniture, the waggon was found of such heavy draught, as to induce him to provide an additional conveyance of the same kind at a very early stage of his journey. The road to Tulbagh was passed over without other difficulties than those occasioned by the usual casualties of travelling, aggravated by the weight of the luggage, which pressed the wheels so



deeply into a soft and sandy part of the soil, as to cause the breaking of the pole through the awkwardness of the Hottentots.

The diary of Mr. Burchell's progress from one station to another, is marked by little interest or variety. Mr. B. has not the art of imparting vivacity to mere routine movements by a spirited style of narration, nor of stimulating curiosity by original speculations or profound reflections. Of his attempts at the latter, the following is a very unfortunate specimen.

' After supper, the night being calm, and the sky serene, all the Hottentots were called together for *prayers*. They assembled around our fire, seating themselves orderly on the ground, and, with well-tuned voices, joined in an evening hymn, in which the missionaries and their wives took the lead. After this, a long extemporaneous prayer was said by one of the missionaries; and, as soon as this was finished, they retired to sleep round their respective fires. To me, an assemblage of this kind, in the open air, and under such circumstances as the present, was a scene both novel and interesting; to which, the dark hour of night, and the wild loneliness of the spot, gave an effect that was legendary and romantic; and I could easily have thought it a caravan of pilgrims travelling to the Holy Land. But the pleasing spell of fancy was dissipated, and all my warm emotions cooled, when reason reminded me that it was only a party of people, who, with perhaps a few exceptions, had learnt to sing psalms by rote, and whose motives for admitting missionaries to dwell with them, might probably not proceed from a sentiment purely religious.

' I cannot imagine any thing more delightful and gratifying to a good and feeling mind, than the act of returning thanks with devout gratitude to the great and good Creator of the universe, for the numerous blessings we are daily permitted to enjoy; and of imploring the aid of his Divine Spirit, in strengthening our hearts in the love and pursuit of virtue. Could but the rude uncultivated savage be converted to sentiments such as these, with what satisfaction would not every philanthropic man view crowds of missionaries pouring over all the uncivilized countries of the globe. But, alas! human nature does not admit of so much perfection, and this scheme, so fascinating to the enthusiast, may, so far as its professed object is concerned, prove at last to have been only an Utopian vision. Yet our benevolence towards our fellow men, while it is within reasonable limits, has no irremovable cause for despairing of being able, by judicious means, to convey the blessings of civilized life to nations now lost in the darkness of ignorance; nor ought the failure of those who reject the aid of reason and common sense, to operate in deterring us from the attempt.' pp. 224, 5.

We dare not flatter ourselves that we thoroughly understand this fine specimen of oracular profundity. It seems a little unreasonable that Mr. Burchell should be out of humour with a handful of poor Hottentots engaged in their evening devotions, because it was not a caravan of 'pilgrims travelling to

'the Holy Land—Mecca or Jerusalem?' Nor can we admire the promptitude and self-complacency with which he decides on motives, and claims to himself the privilege of conceding or of withholding the praise of rationality, in transactions where his knowledge is superficial, and his inductions absurdly erroneous. The savage is, it seems, to be instructed in the great duty of gratitude to God, and in the exercise of prayer for Divine assistance in order to a virtuous life. We are glad that Mr. Burchell will admit so much as this. But to urge upon a Pagan, the common-place incentives to virtue and religion, is to address him in an unknown tongue. To tell him of the duties of morality, the importance of self-restraint, and the expediency of decent habits, may seem wise in theory, but, in practice, it has uniformly been found miserably inefficient. Yet, to adopt the only effectual plan, and it is proceeding upon tried ground,—to hold up to the Heathen the great and simple revelations of God's word, to enforce on him the danger of his condition, the depravity of his heart, his need of a Saviour, and to set before him the great salvation, all this is, 'to reject the aid of reason and common sense!' We shall have no controversy with Mr. Burchell on this point. With a reasoner of his class, we should be hopeless of success.

'At one of the fires,' on a subsequent halt, 'an amusement of a very singular and nearly unintelligible kind, was the source of great merriment, not only to the performers themselves, but to all the bystanders. They called it *Kaartspel* (card-playing), a word, in this instance, strangely misapplied. Two Hottentots seated opposite to each other on the ground, were vociferating, as if in a rage, some particular expressions in their own language; laughing violently; throwing their bodies on either side; tossing their arms in all directions; at one moment with their hands close together; at another stretched out wide apart; up in the air at one time, or in an instant, down on the ground; sometimes with them closed, at others, exhibiting them open to their opponent. Frequently in the heat of their game, they started up on their knees, falling back immediately on the ground again; and all this in such a quick, wild, extraordinary manner, that it was impossible, after watching their motions for a long time, to discover the nature of their game, or to comprehend the principle on which it was founded.' pp. 233, 4.

This game is said to be of great antiquity, and to require some talent to play it dexterously. It consists only in holding a small piece of stick in one hand, and in concealing it so as to puzzle the opponent in his attempts to guess whether it be in the right or the left.

Mr. Burchell's diary is for the most part of a rather indiscriminate kind; and as we are not much inclined to enumerate the Boors with whom he made acquaintance, the unimportant



variations in his road, the different specimens with which he enriched his *herbarium*, and the numberless occurrences which were very properly set down in his private journal, but seem not quite important enough to find a place in an expensive quarto, we must refrain from any abstract of the work. We must not even pause to commemorate the dangerous explosion of the Author's rifle, or the catastrophe of *Carel Krieger*, a fearless hunter who has bequeathed his name to the spot where he met his fate, or the really affecting little narration of the hunted Eland. The following note, however, as one of a series of rather effective attacks upon a popular writer, whose authority respecting African matters stands high with the public, is deserving of attention.

'A book, the numerous errors and misrepresentations of which Professor Lichtenstein has, in his '*Travels in Southern Africa*,' taken the trouble fully to expose, tells its readers, that the Koranas are a formidable and cruel tribe of Bosjesmans, and that they dwell 'directly' east from the Roggeveld,' which, 'for several months in the year, is entirely covered with snow;' (a specimen of the accuracy of that writer's description of the colony;) and concludes its account of that people by stating, with peculiar sagacity, that, 'though very good friends among each other while poor, from the moment they have obtained by plunder a quantity of cattle, they begin to quarrel about the division of the spoil; and they are said to carry this sometimes to such an excess, that they continue the fight and massacre, till, like the soldiers of Cadmus, very few remain on the field.' Barrow's *Travels*, p. 404. In modern days, I confess, I know of nothing like this, except the story of the two *Kilkenny cats*, which fought 'to such an excess,' that they actually devoured each other, and nothing was found remaining on the field, but the tips of their tails.'

On the 30th of September, 1811, Mr. Burchell reached Klaarwater, where he received a most friendly welcome from the Missionaries. Here he determined on making a sufficient stay to recruit the strength of the oxen, which had been completely exhausted by the journey to this point. Mr. Burchell does not seem to have felt himself quite at ease in his new associations. The doctrine of the resident teachers does not appear to have been altogether to his taste; and he was evidently much annoyed by the necessity, imposed on him by a due regard to propriety, of attending public worship. The preaching did not suit him: its 'scope and bearing' were not 'altogether such as' he would 'have chosen,' had he been in the situation of the instructors, and desirous of making his 'hearers lead a more virtuous and religious life.' Then follows the usual intimation, that 'enthusiasm' was at the bottom of all this; to which is subjoined the information, which excites a



little curiosity as to what 'doctrine' might meet with Mr. Burchell's enlightened approbation, that two of the preachers were Calvinists, and one an Arminian. The fact seems to be, that Mr. Burchell would have felt more at his ease among less pious companions; and we have something like a suspicion that, especially in a subsequent difference of opinion to which we shall presently advert, there were reasons on the side of the Missionaries, which are not fully stated in the narrative before us. We find in the passage on which we are now commenting, a somewhat dry and significant concession, that 'every man, *sincere* in his religious enthusiasm, and *pure* in his intentions, is entitled to respect, whatever sect or religion he may belong to.' If Mr. Burchell thought it absolutely necessary to bring forward a remark so excessively common-place, and deriving no additional weight from the person who states it, we cannot understand his object in giving a peculiar emphasis to the words in Italics. Does he mean to insinuate that the sincerity and pure intentions of the Missionaries were rendered questionable by any thing that came under his notice in their habits and characters? If it were so, it might have been his duty to make the charge specifically and openly. But these half-defined insinuations are unmanly and injurious. The subsequent observations, which are too long and too clumsily written to invite transcription, not only insinuate that no beneficial effect has resulted from the establishment of the mission, but very intelligibly impute exaggeration, and even 'deception,' to the statements of its prosperity which have been communicated to the world. This is an imputation which can only be disposed of officially; and we have not the necessary documents to enable us to meet it satisfactorily; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction of its rashness and indecency. Mr. Burchell seems to be of too quarrelsome and overweening a temper to command our implicit confidence in statements involving offensive personalities, even if we had not good reason for relying on the honour and integrity of the men whom he ventures thus grossly to asperse.

On the 24th of October, Mr. Burchell, accompanied by Mr. Jansz and a large body of Hottentots, with no fewer than ten waggons in this South African caravan, set out on a short expedition to explore some of the branches of the Gariep river. Among his attendants was a large dog, who affords an opportunity for the introduction of a very dull piece of pleasantry, which, if it were shorter, we would cite as an excellent specimen of lumbering jocoseness. It is more important to notice the fact, which Mr. B. adverts to in this place, that when he returned from Africa, he brought with him a hundred

and twenty skins of quadrupeds; forty-three of 'the largest' and 'finest' of which, he presented to the British Museum, having rejected a tender of purchase from a foreign institution. Of these, it appears that, in December 1821, not more than five were prepared for public inspection. The reason assigned is, want of funds. Mr. Burchell is entitled to complain of this; but there is an air of petulance in his note, which it would have been more dignified to avoid. On the 25th, the paltry halted on the bank of the river, then in a state of formidable inundation. While at this place, Mr. B. had an opportunity of proving the efficacy of the solution of ammonia in an apparently hopeless case of serpent poison. On the 29th, while the party was moving forward,—

'The dogs, to avoid the violent heat of the sun, ran along beneath the shade of the waggon; but my poor unfortunate little *terrier*, through some mismanagement of his own as he ran by the side of the wheel, suffered his foot to be run over, and had scarcely time to utter a cry before his head was crushed. The first notice I received of the accident was the lifeless body of my faithful little dog, brought to me by one of the Hottentots. Although it was but an animal, I could not help feeling a shock, and shall not be ashamed to confess that this sad occurrence prevented all further enjoyment for the rest of the day. Such misfortunes are, from the cause just explained, not unfrequent in hot weather; and during the journey from Cape Town, several dogs of the caravan were lost in this manner.'

The chase of the hippopotamus was the great object which had induced so many of the natives to accompany Mr. Burchell to the river; and at length one was shot by the Klaarwater captain. Mr. B. and his Hottentot, Gert, hastened to the spot; and as neither of them had seen the zee-koe (sea-cow) before, they were much gratified when they saw the enormous and shapeless carcase drawn up on the bank.

'This animal is entirely of one uniform colour, which may be correctly imitated by a light tint of China ink. The hide, above an inch in thickness and hardly flexible, was dragged off, as if they had been tearing the planks from a ship's side. It was carefully divided into such pieces as would best admit of being cut into shamboks (whips); as these constituted, to the Klaarwater people, the greatest part of the profits. The ribs are covered with a thick layer of fat, celebrated as the greatest delicacy; and known to the colonists as a rarity by the name of 'Zeekoe-spek' (sea-cow-pork). This can only be preserved by salting; as, on attempting to dry it in the sun in the same manner as the other parts of the animal, it melts away. The rest of the flesh consists entirely of lean; and was, as usual with all other game, cut into large slices, and dried on the bushes, reserving only enough for present use. This latter portion, however, was no small quantity, as, in addition to a con-



siderable number of self-invited Hottentots, who all of course expected a feast, there was also a party of Bushmen, consisting of six men and five women, whom the report of the muskets had attracted to the spot.

The carcase found employment, in one way or another, for every individual in the party. Mr. Burchell made a drawing of the head; men, women, and dogs were busily occupied in 'carving, broiling, gnawing' or 'chewing;' the Bushmen secured the entrails and offal; and even Mr. B., when his scientific appetite was satisfied, ate, with keen relish, 'a hippopotamus steak.' Among the natives was a young 'Bush-girl,' who exhibited a complete sample of South African beauty and finery. Her person was adorned with an 'immoderate quantity' of grease, red ochre, buku, and shining powder; she wore on her arms and legs a number of leathern rings; and from her hair three ivory balls hung over her face. The lady's voracity was unchecked by any apprehension of diminishing her attractions; for when Mr. Burchell retired from the scene, he left her and his large dog 'both eagerly employed in tearing away the remaining flesh from the skull, and from between the joints of the huge backbone.'

In this journey, the Gnu was first seen by Mr. Burchell, who describes it in very different terms from those employed by Mr. Barrow. The latter assigns to it the different peculiarities of 'the horse, the ox, the stag, and the antelope,' while the present Traveller, after pointing out some general marks of distinction, observes of it, that 'it is an antelope, and that is all.' A kraal of Bushmen which he soon after encountered, presented a most distressing picture of a set of beings, the apparent outcasts of creation. Their habitation was a cavern. Their possessions were limited to the dirty shred of skin which hung on their shoulders, a few hassagays, their bows and arrows, a knife, and two or three ostrich egg-shells. There was an air of squalid misery about them, surpassing even the wretchedness so common among their tribes; and the four men who first approached the waggons, 'exhibited their lank, shrivelled bodies, and dry, parched arms and legs,' as an appeal to the charity of their well furnished visitants. 'They looked first wishfully' at the flesh-pots which were on the fire, and then 'submissively' at the happy possessors of the luxuries which greeted their sight and smell, and provoked their ravenous appetite. On being amply supplied, they fed with 'dog-like voracity' and selfishness, reserving none for their absent families, and abandoned themselves afterwards, thoughtless of any thing beyond the sensation of the moment, to the unutterable enjoyment of smoking the tobacco which was furnished to



them as a *bonne bouche*. Subsequently, a few females made their appearance. These poor creatures,

‘ who were past the middle age, were extremely filthy and ugly ; their small blinking eyes seemed as if nearly closed, or sunk into their head ; wrinkles, filled with dirt, covered their faces and body ; their hair was clotted together in large lumps, with the accumulated grease and dust of years, perhaps of their whole lives ; and the odour with which they tainted the air, kept me at the distance of a couple of yards, the nearest at which a person having any delicacy of smell, could endure their presence. A wooden bowl, in which was left a quantity of liquid Hippopotamus grease, was eagerly seized upon, and its contents drunk off with an avidity most nauseous and disgusting to behold ; while that which still adhered to the bowl, they carefully scraped out with their hands, and smeared upon their bodies. Curious to know what degree of *intellect* these beings possessed, I endeavoured, by means of an interpreter, to question them on a few moral points ; but he declared they were so stupid that it was not in his power to make them comprehend at all.’

The effect of their good living during four days, was rather ludicrously manifested in the rapid fattening of these poor creatures. Their skin no longer hung in wrinkles on their emaciated bodies, but exhibited a sleek and smooth appearance, not a little improved by the rich anointing of grease which they rubbed eagerly over all their limbs.

When Mr. Burchell returned to Klaarwater, he commenced preparations for his intended journey into the Interior. He found, however, that, independently of the difficulties which belonged to the enterprise itself, he had to encounter an opposition on the part of the Missionaries, which was, in his view, altogether irrational and inexcusable. We shall touch but lightly on this subject for two reasons ; first, because we think that enough appears on the face of the transaction to justify those worthy men in their interposition ; secondly and chiefly, because we are quite satisfied that all the circumstances are not before us. Enough is stated to shew, that the conduct of the Missionaries towards Mr. Burchell was kind and hospitable ; while besides the occasional indications of a spirit and temper not of the most placable kind, he betrays a rooted and ignorant hostility against evangelical religion, which may afford an explanation both of the cool reception which the ministers of that faith might give to unreasonable proposals, and of the resentment which was excited by their conduct. The result was, that Mr. B. determined on returning to the Colony in a new direction, that he might procure at Graaffreynet the necessary supplies and attendants. After some counteraction on the part of the Missionaries, one of them, Mr. Jansz, lent him a horse,

siderable number of self-invited Hottentots, who all of course expected a feast, there was also a party of Bushmen, consisting of six men and five women, whom the report of the muskets had attracted to the spot.

The carcase found employment, in one way or an other, for every individual in the party. Mr. Burchell made a drawing of the head; men, women, and dogs were busily occupied in 'carving, broiling, gnawing' or 'chewing;' the Bushmen secured the entrails and offal; and even Mr. B., when his scientific appetite was satisfied, ate, with keen relish, 'a hippopotamus steak.' Among the natives was a young 'Bush-girl,' who exhibited a complete sample of South African beauty and finery. Her person was adorned with an 'immoderate quantity' of grease, red ochre, buku, and shining powder; she wore on her arms and legs a number of leathern rings; and from her hair three ivory balls hung over her face. The lady's voracity was unchecked by any apprehension of diminishing her attractions; for when Mr. Burchell retired from the scene, he left her and his large dog 'both eagerly employed in tearing away the remaining flesh from the skull, and from between the joints of the huge backbone.'

In this journey, the Gnu was first seen by Mr. Burchell, who describes it in very different terms from those employed by Mr. Barrow. The latter assigns to it the different peculiarities of 'the horse, the ox, the stag, and the antelope,' while the present Traveller, after pointing out some general marks of distinction, observes of it, that 'it is an antelope, and that is all.' A kraal of Bushmen which he soon after encountered, presented a most distressing picture of a set of beings, the apparent outcasts of creation. Their habitation was a cavern. Their possessions were limited to the dirty shred of skin which hung on their shoulders, a few hassagays, their bows and arrows, a knife, and two or three ostrich egg-shells. There was an air of squalid misery about them, surpassing even the wretchedness so common among their tribes; and the four men who first approached the waggons, 'exhibited their lank, shrivelled bodies, and dry, parched arms and legs,' as an appeal to the charity of their well furnished visitants. 'They looked first wishfully' at the flesh-pots which were on the fire, and then 'submissively' at the happy possessors of the luxuries which greeted their sight and smell, and provoked their ravenous appetite. On being amply supplied, they fed with 'dog-like voracity' and selfishness, reserving none for their absent families, and abandoned themselves afterwards, thoughtless of any thing beyond the sensation of the moment, to the unutterable enjoyment of smoking the tobacco which was furnished to



them as a *bonne bouche*. Subsequently, a few females made their appearance. These poor creatures,

' who were past the middle age, were extremely filthy and ugly; their small blinking eyes seemed as if nearly closed, or sunk into their head; wrinkles, filled with dirt, covered their faces and body; their hair was clotted together in large lumps, with the accumulated grease and dust of years, perhaps of their whole lives; and the odour with which they tainted the air, kept me at the distance of a couple of yards, the nearest at which a person having any delicacy of smell, could endure their presence. A wooden bowl, in which was left a quantity of liquid Hippopotamus grease, was eagerly seized upon, and its contents drunk off with an avidity most nauseous and disgusting to behold; while that which still adhered to the bowl, they carefully scraped out with their hands, and smeared upon their bodies. Curious to know what degree of *intellect* these beings possessed, I endeavoured, by means of an interpreter, to question them on a few moral points; but he declared they were so stupid that it was not in his power to make them comprehend at all.'

The effect of their good living during four days, was rather ludicrously manifested in the rapid fattening of these poor creatures. Their skin no longer hung in wrinkles on their emaciated bodies, but exhibited a sleek and smooth appearance, not a little improved by the rich anointing of grease which they rubbed eagerly over all their limbs.

When Mr. Burchell returned to Klaarwater, he commenced preparations for his intended journey into the Interior. He found, however, that, independently of the difficulties which belonged to the enterprise itself, he had to encounter an opposition on the part of the Missionaries, which was, in his view, altogether irrational and inexcusable. We shall touch but lightly on this subject for two reasons; first, because we think that enough appears on the face of the transaction to justify those worthy men in their interposition; secondly and chiefly, because we are quite satisfied that all the circumstances are not before us. Enough is stated to shew, that the conduct of the Missionaries towards Mr. Burchell was kind and hospitable; while besides the occasional indications of a spirit and temper not of the most placable kind, he betrays a rooted and ignorant hostility against evangelical religion, which may afford an explanation both of the cool reception which the ministers of that faith might give to unreasonable proposals, and of the resentment which was excited by their conduct. The result was, that Mr. B. determined on returning to the Colony in a new direction, that he might procure at Graaffreynet the necessary supplies and attendants. After some counteraction on the part of the Missionaries, one of them, Mr. Jansz, lent him a horse,

and the volume closes just as the only novel route is about to be entered upon.

Of the plates, those at least which are large and coloured, we regret our inability to say any thing in the way of eulogy: the wood-cut vignettes are better executed and more interesting. The map has been drawn up with great care, and exhibits every appearance of accuracy: its scale is large, and it comprehends all that is specifically known of Southern Africa, with the exception of the extreme limits of Mr. Campbell's journey and inquiries. The second volume will contain Mr. Burchell's visit to Litakun, and the region around and beyond that city.

---

Art. III. *May you like it.* By a Country Curate. 12mo. pp. xii, 272. Price 6s. London. 1822.

A quaint and unmeaning title to a very delightful volume of Moral Tales, displaying a happier combination of French liveliness of style with true English sentiment, than any work which we recollect to have seen for a long time. The Author intimates that they were really written after tea, amid a quiet family circle, for whose amusement they were first undertaken. Perhaps they could not have been written under a happier influence. Religion is purposely interwoven with every Tale; and this most delicate task is executed with the skill which can be learned only in the school of sorrow. 'I have seen such effects produced and preserved by that inner spring' (Religion), says the Writer; 'and I cannot resist, even in this humble manner, attempting to prove how much real joy there is, even in the saddest trials of the Christian; a joy which is seen in its effects but partially by the world; a joy which has never found language to express itself, a peace that passeth all understanding.' In this respect, the volume has a merit and a charm which distinguish it from the best productions of the kind with which we might be tempted to class or compare it. When we speak of French moralists, we do not refer to Voltaire, nor even to Marmontel, although the tales of the latter are some of them as beautiful as any thing in that language. But we think of the friend of our childhood, Berquin, of whom our unknown Author has often reminded us. His "Rosine" has much the air of a translation from the French, although it is but fair to state, that it has all the spirit of an original. The "Childhood of Charles Spencer," too, is something in the spirit of the interesting Friend of Children. Mackenzie and Geoffrey Crayon are inimitable in their way: since the days of the Spectator, we



have had nothing equal to them. But, without ascribing to the Author of this little volume an equal measure of originality, we must say that he discovers more unaffected feeling than even the "Man of feeling;" while he is a Christian moralist of a far higher order. His tales are not mere pictures: they are lessons of the most instructive kind. They are not the mere vehicles of refined or virtuous sentiment: they are illustrations of the highest principles of action.

The Author has given us no table of contents, nor do we deem it necessary to take an inventory of his portfolio. Naomi is a beautiful tale, but it will not furnish a detached extract. We are not told whether it rests on any facts, but we recollect to have heard a very interesting account of a Jew in America, who had become a Christian under circumstances somewhat similar. His only daughter had, unknown to him, embraced the faith of Jesus of Nazareth, in consequence of perusing the New Testament, a copy of which, if we recollect right, she had accidentally met with. On her death-bed, she entreated him to grant her one last request. He eagerly promised to fulfil it. "Never again, dearest father, speak against Jesus of Nazareth. He is the Saviour: He is *my* Saviour." In an agonizing conflict of grief and anger, the father rushed out of the room, where an attendant brought him word that the spirit had fled. His only daughter, his all on earth, was gone. In a softened mood, he opened her New Testament; he read, and became convinced, that Jesus is the Christ. In Naomi, the father dies first. One cannot but believe there are many such facts, and if our Author's characters are fictitious, they are not ideal.

Nothing has pleased us more in the volume than "the Childhood of Charles Spencer." But Reviewers, like other men, have sometimes their caprices and singularities. It is the only tale for which the Writer apologises. 'I am aware,' he says, 'that it may be deemed only fit for a child's perusal; but I am one of those who delight in observing children and their manners. The mind turns to such simplicity and freshness, as the eye to the first daisies of spring, to the first green blades of young wheat.'—We shall venture upon an extract, premising, on behalf of the Author, that to those of our readers who cannot relish—we dare not say cannot understand it—there are many things in the volume which will appear far prettier and cleverer.

#### THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES SPENCER.

Written by Himself at the Age of Thirteen.

\* I never could believe that there was not such a person as the real Robinson Crusoe: some one told me, when first I read the account of

his adventures, that they were written by a person named Defoe. I could not help doubting. "Defoe has been suspected," it was added, "of having unjustly given himself out as the author of Robinson Crusoe, but he really composed the book from the journal of Alexander Selkirk; a man, whose residence on a desert island, in many circumstances resembled that of Robinson Crusoe. I thought this account more probable, I felt highly indignant at the conduct of Defoe, but still I could hardly believe that Robinson Crusoe was an assumed name, there seemed so much truth in the story.—Perhaps I was a silly child, then; but I know it seemed very fine to believe all about Robinson Crusoe.

I always have intended, since I read Robinson Crusoe, to write my own adventures; and I have always had a sort of strange wish to be cast on the shore of some desolate island. If my father had not been unhappy, I think I should have run away sometimes; once, in particular, I remember, after I had been walking with George Harman, and talking about foreign countries—I forgot to say who George Harman is, though; why, he is a midshipman, who has been now six years in the navy—I was almost tempted to become a sailor; but, as I said before, I could not bear to make my father unhappy. This wish of mine was wrong, I know; but I must speak of my faults. The reason I am now writing, is, that I am unable to leave the house: I was climbing to the top of one of the oaks behind our house, and I fell down and sprained my ankle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let me remember all that I can, while my mother lived; whom I loved so very much, and who I am sure loved me quite as well as I did her. I always knelt before her when I said my prayers; and leaned my clasped hands on her knees.—I gave her a great deal of trouble: but she never seemed angry with me; and whenever I had behaved badly, she always used to say: "you should pray to God, Charles, after these fits of passion, that he may forgive you, and help you to govern your temper." I always used to stop after I had said: "Lord, I beseech Thee;" and turning round to my mother, ask, *what* I ought to say next. "What would you say, if you wished me to do any thing for you, Charles?" Still she generally helped me out in my prayer. I was very happy, when she kissed me afterwards; and I always felt as if I could not displease God again; but perhaps, the very day after, I was as naughty as ever.

My dear mother died when I was four years old. I remember that she held out her hand to me, just before she kissed me for the last time; and it was so very thin and white; her eyes too, looked larger than they ever seemed, and of a deeper blue; she turned round to my father that night, and said: "Let Charles sit up a little longer this evening, my love."—My father only looked at her; I wondered he did not answer; but I believe it was because he could not speak just then; for I saw him crying behind the bed-curtains soon after. When I woke the next morning, they told me mamma was dead. I did not pay much attention to what they said, for I did not know what it meant to be dead: I did not think the morning seemed at all gloomy; for the sun was shining as brightly as ever, and when I went out into our field, the larks were singing



as cheerfully as ever, nothing seemed dull. I was sitting under the large hawthorn tree, at the end of our field; and watching a goldfinch which was dancing among the slender branches; while every now and then, a little shower of white blossoms came flying down to the ground. I was always very fond of peeping up from under a tree, and observing how many little shady arbours were formed among the boughs; and how transparently green and bright the leaves appeared, when seen from quite beneath. The merry goldfinch had just flown away, when Elizabeth came out; and I began to think about my mother again: "What does 'dead' mean Elizabeth?" I asked, "for Jenny says, mamma is dead." My sister only began to weep; but at last she said: "Dead, means," she looked round, and hesitated; but she saw the hawthorn blossoms on the grass, and said: "these flowers are dead, Charles: those on the tree, which have that beautiful pink colour blushing over them, are the most fresh, those which look dark in the centre, are dying: after a few days, these which are now white on the ground, will have wasted away, and will not be seen any more: some of the blossoms are shaken off by very rough winds, and your mamma died as they do."—Here Elizabeth wept again: "but all these," she added, "after hanging on the tree some time, must fall off and die; as persons who are as old as grandpapa *must* die." Elizabeth told me a great deal more, and explained why mamma was different from the hawthorn blossoms; because she had a soul, which always lives; and she told me, that if I obeyed God, I might see my mother again, after I was dead, in heaven. I was very happy to hear that; because I had begun to fear, that she would never be seen again, like the dead flowers.—I supposed then, that my eldest sister, Magdalen, was dead; for I had never seen her, since she had left home, to stay with her aunt in Devonshire; and no one had talked about her for many months. I just remember that she was very good natured, and much prettier than Elizabeth: she had bright gold coloured hair, which hung down nearly to her little waist, in such large shining curls! She was a very merry girl, and always made my father and mother laugh, when she was with them.

"I wished I could see my mother, but I hardly knew whether she had not wasted away into nothing, as I saw the fallen hawthorn blossoms had. A few days after, I was so surprised to see a large long box carried down stairs one morning, covered with black cloth. I went up to the men, and asked what they were carrying, which seemed so heavy. One of them, a silly looking lad, answered; "Your mother's coffin, little master." I ran down stairs to tell my father, and ask what that silly looking lad meant; but he was not in his study. I went to the window, and looking out, I saw the men carrying something: I guessed it must be the same box, only it was hidden by a long black sheet, edged with white; my father and Elizabeth were walking after them, very slowly. I ran out without my hat, and asked my father to take me with them. I did not overtake him till he had reached the church-yard. An old woman came, and said, "you had better come home with me again, master Charles;" but I hid myself within the long cloak which my father wore; and, taking hold of his hand, said, "No, no, mayn't I stay

with you, father? He had not noticed me before, but now he pressed my hand more closely within his, and said to the poor woman, very mildly: "I will keep him with me."—We entered the church, and I trembled all over: every one looked so grave, and a loud mournful bell tolled just over my head, which I had not heard before.

'My father was very attentive to the service, but I saw, that he always looked at the coffin, and moved his head quickly whenever it was moved. I could not think what the great pit was made for, in the church-yard. I had guessed, from what I heard the clergyman say, that my mother's body was in the coffin; but I did not guess, they were going to bury the coffin in the ground, because the hawthorn blossoms were not buried, and the grass in the church-yard, was just as green as that in the field. My father stood at one end of the grave, with his head uncovered; he never once moved his eyes, but his face was very pale, and his lips shook. I was frightened, and only just peeped my head out of his long cloak. Elizabeth stood very near him, but a thick veil hung down over her face, and through it I saw, she held her handkerchief before her eyes. When the coffin sounded at the bottom of the grave, my father started and shivered, just as if he had been cold; it was odd, I thought then, for the weather was mild and warm: I did not know, that he shivered from grief; soon after this my father walked away; I wondered why he should go, and leave my mother's body in that deep dark hole; I had half a mind to stay, but my poor father looked so mournful, that I slowly accompanied him home.—I had cried a little once or twice, but I had never missed my mother so much, till when I passed her room door as I went up stairs to bed, I ran up faster than Jenny, and I could not help going in: it was almost dark, the cold air came in through the open windows, the carpets were all taken up, and the room looked very desolate. My mother's favourite little work-table was pushed up in a corner, and on it lay a turnscREW and some screws: in the middle of the room were two odd looking stands, like those which they put the coffin on, in the church, and some sawdust was thinly strewed on the floor. I was standing in this room, almost ready to cry, and thinking of my dear, dear mother, and that I should perhaps grow up to be a man, and never see her again till I died. I had never felt so very very miserable as I then did; I have never felt so miserable since.—It grew darker and darker, still I was standing in the middle of the room. I began by degrees to be afraid of moving; and I put both my hands before my eyes, that I might not see any thing, for every thing looked so melancholy. All at once, I heard something pass rustling by my head; and the, I heard it flutter against the window. I did not consider one moment; but I burst out into a loud fit of crying. Jenny heard me; she had been looking about, for she could not think where I had gone. When she came in, I ran to her, and began to make more noise; I would not tell her why I cried out, nor would I go away with her; but I seemed as if her presence only gave me the liberty of crying more violently. I would not be pacified when Elizabeth came into the room. She spoke to me; I turned round, taking away Jenny's apron, behind which I had hidden my face. I minded all Elizabeth told me directly, for she spoke just like my mo-



ther. "Act like a manly boy, my dear Charles," she said, "and tell me calmly, why you are so frightened."—"Oh! there it is, there it is," I cried loudly, for during the time my sister had spoken so quietly, I heard the loud fluttering again. Elizabeth guessed instantly what had frightened me; she went up to the window, and, coming again to me, took my hand to lead me to the window. "Oh; no, no," I cried out, but at last I let her draw me forward; I kept my eyes covered at first by my hands, but at last I opened them, finger by finger, and saw a large moth beating its wings against the window, and seeming quite as terrified as I had been. Elizabeth sate by my bed-side that night, (she always heard me say my prayers, after my mother died;) and talked to me, till I fell fast asleep. When I woke the next morning, I went up to the window; the first thing I saw was the church; I remembered that my mother's body had been lying out all night, and ran as fast as I could to the church-yard. The dark pit was not to be seen, nor could I find where it had been for some time. On the spot was a sort of mound raised up, like many others in the church-yard, covered with fresh turf, and bound together with osiers. One little cowslip was growing up among the grass; the soft pale green stem of this flower, was no longer than a long blade of grass; but I was quite glad to see it, and every morning I went to look if the little buds were blown, and when the weather was very dry, I always watered it. After it left off blowing, I never forgot it; but loved its little crimped half-hidden leaves, better than all the brightest summer flowers: now, there are more than thirty cowslips on my mother's grave. A cowslip was her favourite flower.

There are scattered through the volume some poems of rather unequal merit, which the Writer, in modest deprecation of criticism, allows to be 'very gentlemanly poetry.' They exhibit, however, that genuine taste which, if it is not genius, is something better as regards the possessor, and answers the purpose of the reader almost as well. There is great elegance as well as feeling in some of them. For instance,

‘ ON CHARLOTTE.

‘ Weep no more, that her azure eye  
Hath ceas'd to glisten,  
That her wavy locks in the damp grave lie,  
That her lip hath lost its crimson dye,  
That you vainly listen  
For her voice of witching melody.

‘ Weep no more, that each fleeting grace  
This earth had given,  
Hath left for ever her form and face,  
That her soul hath run its mortal race;  
And the joys of heaven  
The changing woes of this world replace.

‘ Weep no more ! Oh ! weep no more !  
 Would’st thou renew  
 The colours that deck’d the worm before ?  
 Wouldst thou its grov’ling shape restore  
 For the lovelier hue,  
 The lighter wings which heavenward soar ?’

‘ THE HAREBELL.

‘ With drooping bells of clearest blue,  
 Thou didst attract my childish view,  
 Almost resembling  
 The azure butterflies that flew  
 Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,  
 So lightly trembling.

‘ Where feathery fern and golden broom  
 Increase the sand-rock cavern’s gloom,  
 I’ve seen thee tangled,  
 ’Mid tufts of purple heather bloom  
 By vain Arachne’s treacherous loom,  
 With dew-drops spangled.

‘ ’Mid ruins crumbling to decay,  
 Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,  
 Still freshly springing,  
 Where pride and pomp have past away,  
 On mossy tomb and turret gray,  
 Like friendship clinging.

‘ When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene,  
 And silvery daisies dot the green,  
 Thy flowers revealing,  
 Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,  
 With faint sweet tones on night serene,  
 Thy soft bells pealing.—

‘ But most I love thine azure braid,  
 When softer flowers are all decayed,  
 And thou appearest,  
 Stealing beneath the hedge-row shade,  
 Like joys that linger as they fade,  
 Whose last are dearest.

‘ Thou art the flower of memory ;  
 The pensive soul recalls in thee  
 The year’s past pleasures ;  
 And, led by kindred thought, will flee,  
 Till, back to careless infancy,  
 The path she measures.



' Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,  
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,  
I've seen thee bending,  
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak  
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,  
With death-hues blending.  
' Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine;  
The violet and the eglantine  
With spring are banished.  
In summer's beam the roses shine,  
But I of thee my wreath will twine,  
When these are vanished.'

' THE CAPTIVE LARK.

' Sweet bird! it grieves my very heart  
To hear thy notes of joyous thrill,  
And find thee, here, a prisoner  
Against thy will.  
' A tuft of wither'd grass alone  
To recompense the breezy lawn;  
A city's foggy atmosphere  
For Phæbus' dawn.  
' I cannot bear to see thee thrust  
Through prison's bars thy crested head,  
And hopeless run from side to side  
With dodging tread.  
' Thy luxury of song was given  
For welkin wide and dewy heath,  
Where Spring leaves on the snow-white thorn,  
Her blush and breath.  
' When Nature sought with grateful heart,  
For all her realm a wing, a voice,  
To soar with matin song to Heaven,  
Thou wert her choice.  
' The careless breeze that hovers round,  
With nought to chain its wandering,  
Alone could match, if thou wert free,  
Thy sportive wing.  
' And shaken by thy Heav'nward flight,  
When trembling harebells weep with dew,  
That voice of rapture scarce betrays  
That wing to view.'

Art. IV. *The Poems of Caius Valerius Catullus* translated, with a Preface and Notes. By the Hon. George Lamb. In 2 vols. 12mo. Price 12s. London. 1821.

**T**HERE are few entire translations of Catullus. The only version in our own language prior to Mr. Lamb's, is that published anonymously in 1795. There are two in French, that by Pezay in 1771, and Noel's in 1806; but they are both in prose. We are by no means enthusiastic admirers of French verse. It would be, however, wasting words to remark, that French prose is utterly incompetent to express the strength, spirit, and beauty of a Latin poet. The Italians have been more successful. Besides Puccini's translation, printed at Pisa in 1805, which is noticed by Mr. Lamb in his preface, there is the earlier version, of which he has taken no notice, by Luigi Subleyras, with the Latin text, in 1770.

For this paucity of complete translations, there are sufficient reasons. The indelicacies of Catullus are scattered with so unsparing a hand over his writings, as to amount nearly to a moral prohibition against rendering him into a modern language. His fairest graces are for ever overshadowed by contiguous deformities. '*J' appelle un chat un chat*,' said Boileau, when he claimed freedom of speech for himself and his brother satirists. But the Bard of Verona carries the privilege of calling things by their names to its utmost boundaries. Words which common consent has long since banished from the polished intercourses of life, to the exclusive use of the low and the profligate, images whose very entrance into the mind is forbidden by the triple guards of religion, virtue, and example, unblushingly take their place by the side of sentiments breathing the soul of moral purity, and sentences polished to the last refinement of Roman elegance. Nor are the weeds that thus choke the soil, only of casual growth. They are not unfrequently cultured with the same care which he expends on the choicest flowers. That which affrighted modesty trembles as it names, the most loathsome of our sensualities, the most deformed of our vices,—all that we strive to forget in a pardonable reverence for the dignity of our nature, appears in Catullus, dressed in the most studied attire, and gracefully enveloped in the most beauteous folds of a pure and almost Attic diction. So instinctively is he attracted towards obscenity, that even when he has evidently in view a high and dignified moral purpose, he suddenly abandons his quarry, to rake in the filth and feculence of the dunghill.

In criticizing an ancient author, we must take care, however, not to try him as it were by *ex post facto* laws. There are many circumstances which ought to temper our severity



while we advert to his grossness, and which it would imply great inattention to the philosophy of the human mind, to leave out of our consideration. It would be most unjust, not to make the requisite allowances for that great revolution which the substitution of a purer religion and a more elevated system of ethics, for a mythology polluted with unclean rites, and abounding in sensual images, has effected in the moral constitution of society. Cleansing the heart of its defilements, Christianity has wrought also a correspondent change in the language which interprets the heart. But, independently of this mighty engine of human reformation, other causes have cooperated; among which, let us not overlook the influence which the gentler half of the species have acquired over the feelings and opinions of the modern world. Certain, however, it is, that the gross and plain-spoken diction which, in the ancient state of society, was not merely in daily and vernacular use, but incorporated into their most finished compositions, which flowed from the female lips without exciting a blush, and fell from the mouths of sages to illustrate a dialectic discourse or an ethical argument, has given way to a speech fastidiously refined to a degree bordering upon affectation.

We do not wish to discuss the matter either morally or metaphysically, but to state the case as it affects the labours of translation from ancient authors. Those words which have fallen into so much disgrace in modern times, were so interwoven in the familiar speech as well as the elaborate compositions of the times, that, to exclude them, we must pick out and take to pieces the whole embroidery of their poetry and their eloquence. Hence arises the difficulty of translating them. It is to little purpose to say, that the sentiment may be transferred, and the language left behind. So nice is the machinery of human discourse, that no small part of the sentiment consists in the very word itself which is employed to express it; and the Translator will find it impossible, with all the coaxing and intreaty which he can use, to persuade the sentiment to migrate from the word, and to take up its residence in a more diffuse or circumlocutory expression. Hence, also, every nation has its stock of untranslateable words, embodying the sentiments and peculiarities of thinking that are incident to that nation. This is what we mean when we talk about the genius of a language; which is nothing more than the moral habitudes of a people, swaying and moulding its forms of speech. Much, then, of the distinct and appropriate character of a literature, must needs be lost when we are forbidden to translate its common and received phraseology.

Perhaps it may appear a somewhat equivocal compliment to

those great masters of composition, to rest the difficulty of translating them on the licentiousness of their diction. But is there nothing to be said in their behalf, beyond the extenuations which we have suggested already? It does not necessarily follow, on the one hand, that the coarse and unhewn phraseology of the ancients, that straight-forward phrase which scorned all paraphrase or circumlocution, and without softening or diluting an indelicate image, consisted of words which corresponded most nearly to the thing to be represented,—is utterly disconnected with that purity and refinement of sentiment, on which we value ourselves so highly. Nor is it an undeniable conclusion on the other hand, that the studied periphrases of modern language, in which one offensive word is supplied by a combination of others expressive of the same thing, are an unerring test of delicacy of thought or of feeling. Our own language, for instance, in a cycle of time of no very considerable extent, has undergone a similar transition, and, in reference to our present subject, one not unworthy of attention. In nothing is this transition more evident, than in the utter exile from the saloon or drawing-room to the stable or kitchen, of words, the familiar utterance of which a century ago neither shocked the delicacy of fashion nor polluted the lips of beauty. Chaucer, who was the first refiner of our mother-tongue, like Boccaccio, who is still the standard of Italian purity, has plain English words which would not be endured at present. Yet, in point of fact, little is gained to purity of sentiment or to morals, by rejecting the words and preserving the sentiment; that is, by dressing up precisely the same image in paraphrastic and indirect, instead of direct and simple phraseology. Is Pope's *Wife of Bath* a chaster composition than the original tale fresh from 'the well of English undefiled'? The most singular part of the phenomenon is, that while those phrases are condemned to the exclusive use of the low and vulgar, they are replaced by others which are supposed to be more intrinsically delicate, although they convey the same image, or at least stand conventionally for the same thing. It is needless to explain our meaning with more minuteness. It may be enough to hint at one word, which representing an ordinary appearance on the surface of the body, was formerly used in common discourse, and by the best writers, but against which, custom has lately issued its edict; it is now, therefore, exchanged for another, which varies from it in sound only, while it imparts the same meaning. To such an extreme has this delicacy been carried, that a rustic in our remote counties would be actually puzzled to understand the substitutions which have gradually taken place in the sterling English of his country. But, since



every combination of sounds and syllables is arbitrary and conventional, it is obvious that little is gained to delicacy, nothing certainly to morals, by the mere use of one sound or combination for another.

Now, the same revolution which our own language has undergone with regard to itself, it has also, in common, we believe, with all the languages built upon the ruins of the Roman, undergone with regard to the languages of the ancients. Words which the polite and elegant were not ashamed to use, words which illustrated the reasonings of the philosopher, which either Aspasia or Socrates would have uttered without hesitation, cannot be translated without the violation of all decency into modern tongues. The explication of this circumstance would lead us too far. It is not enough to say, that our improved state of morals will adequately account for it. There is no such necessary connexion between a refined and fastidious delicacy of language, and an unblemished purity of public morals. It may, however, put us into better humour with the plain-spokenness of the ancients, if we advert to a law or principle in all languages, which we think has not been sufficiently attended to; namely, the independence of words upon the *exact* pictures or images of the things for which they nominally stand. Will not this half absolve them from the hasty reproaches with which we are apt to visit them upon every supposed violation of decorum? Try many of the most offensive words by this test. In strictness, they are conjoined with foul and loathsome images. But this law of language interposes, and separates the word from the image. The word at least, whether from some secret melody, or from whatever charm, was retained in use, long after it had ceased to conjure up the impure image, and thus became, in alliance with others, a symbol merely of certain passions or sentiments, of indignation, scorn, or some other emotion of the same kind in the bosom of the poet. Now, if this word be translated, that is, replaced by a corresponding one belonging to another dialect, it is ten to one against our getting a particle of the sentiment or passion which dictated its original use; but we shall be sure of the un-mixed impurity of the image which, in its primitive application, it was intended to convey.

We will explain ourselves briefly by referring to the very poet who is now under our consideration. Catullus, in verses which breathe his loftiest, and we might say, his most virtuous disdain and indignation at the abandoned profligates of his day, uses words which repel all literal translation, but which, it abundantly appears from the sense and context of the passages where they occur, had lost their primitive pollution,—had, in



fact, ceased to be conjoined with the thing or image for which it stood. It will be unnecessary to dwell upon this topic. Every classical scholar will immediately apprehend us, although we are prohibited from minuter explanations. The Hendecasyllables to Aurelius and Furius, and those to Cæsar upon Mamurra, will be sufficient keys to our meaning. We are not contending for the absolute purity of the Latin poet. While we deem it no more than reasonable, to extend to him the privileges of his country and his language, yet, when he has had the full benefit of this mitigatory plea, there will, we fear, remain positive offences against modesty and decorum, that must for ever rise up in judgement against him.

This circumstance forms, certainly, not the least of the difficulties of translating Catullus, inasmuch as it involves the Translator in a conflict alike with his own language, and with that from which he translates. But there is another peculiarity, though of a widely different quality, in Catullus, which augments still more the peril and perplexity of his Translator. It is that characteristic which has hardly a name but in one language; that *αφειδεια*, as the classic would call it, that ineffable grace, that unaffected and negligent beauty, which, while it seems to borrow nothing from art, no art can imitate; breathing as it were the unperfumed sweetness of nature, yet, redolent of nothing—*ut mulieres bene olent, quia nil olent*. His melodies, like those breathed at random by the passing winds upon the harp of Æolus, surpass all the artifice of studied modulation. Add to this, that *curious felicity* applied by Petronius to Horace, but which is emphatically the property of Catullus.

Nor is this all. He has another quality, which requires in his Translator an ear more metrically attuned than is usual with those critics or commentators by whom he has been heretofore illustrated. What we mean, is this. Many of his sweetest but simplest effusions, such, for instance, as the Acme and Septimius, and that which begins

‘ Varus me meus ad suos amores—

both of which, though framed in that easy and negligent measure of which he is without competition the most potent master, conceal as it were their lyrical texture, and assume the character of a flowing continuous discourse, unfettered with metrical rules, unbroken by metrical divisions, and divided only by the natural order of the sentences. Yet, they are not the less metrical. On the contrary, the nicest and most painful skill of the Poet has been expended on the versification. Now, to translate into English, (which, strictly speaking, is a language of rhythm and accentuation, and not of metre,) these

inimitable pieces, of which the latent, though not the apparent charm is the exquisite polish of the metre, would be perfectly hopeless. Probably, it was this intractable quality in Catullus, and the modest despair of seizing it, not without an internal persuasion, perhaps, of the insignificant clink of French verse, that suggested to Pezay and Noel the idea of a prose translation. They do not, indeed, assign that as their reason; but they might nevertheless have felt the difficulty, though unable to account for it. 'Ce sont de petits chef d'œuvres', says La Harpe, 'ou il n'y est pas un mot qui ne soit précieux, mais qu'il est aussi impossible d'analyser que de traduire.'

The higher specimens, however, of the powers of Catullus, which exhibit much of the stateliness and grandeur of the Epic muse, appear to us much more susceptible of translation. And while we advert to this higher character of his poetry, we are reminded of the unjust measure which has been meted to this charming Poet by that race of minor critics and commentators, who have successively echoed the blundering estimate of a writer with whom they were acquainted only by halves. He has, in fact, been considered, like Anacreon, as the minstrel only of wine and pleasure; whereas it is but on one occasion, in his verses to his cup-bearer, that he betrays any fondness for the juice of the grape; and even then, it was in subservience to the taste of a lady, for whom he seems solicitous to broach his oldest cask.

'Inger mi calices amariores  
Ut lex Postumiæ jubet magistræ.'

But it is astonishing how this character of Catullus has been banded from one to another, and received by each with the most indolent acquiescence. 'His verses respire only love and revelry,' says one. Another says, that they are 'échappés au délire de l'Orgie ou de l'Amour.' Love, indeed, of the most ardent and devoted kind, appears in many of his verses. But the Poet whom Virgil did not disdain to copy, whom Ovid, and even the philosophic Persius have plundered, belongs to a higher order. 'That strain I heard was of a higher mood.' Atys, if no other monument of his greater powers had been extant, Atys, surely, would be of itself sufficient to vindicate his claim to a higher classification. Catullus, in this short poem, has soared with an unrestrained daring far beyond the regular and licensed proprieties which fetter other poets. The metre is as wild and grotesque as the subject. Swiftly impetuous in its numbers, it breathes the warmest inspiration of genius, wholly unfettered, indeed, by the rules of art, but never offending against the principles of taste. Nothing was

ever more happily executed, as well as more boldly conceived, than the change of sex, by the use of the feminine inflexion; a transition which the idiom of our own language renders impracticable. The address of Atys in the momentary calm of exhausted frenzy, to her native shores,—those shores which her strained eye-balls traced amid the obscure mists of the ocean, is unequalled for its pathos. That which comes nearest to it in point of feeling, is the exquisite apostrophe of Alcestis to her nuptial couch in the beautiful tragedy of Euripides. They can best feel and best appreciate the tenderness of the passage, who have been widely severed from their native country, the country of their charities and affections, and have solaced themselves by imaging amid the misty solitudes of the waters, the beloved spot which the heart incessantly pants to revisit. Who is there that will hesitate to allow the interrogatory of Atys to be the unadulterated eloquence of Nature?

‘Ubinam, aut quibus locis te positam, patria, rear?’

There is another class of his compositions, in which Catullus displays a rare and unrivalled excellence. He is emphatically the poet of friendship.

‘This is a strain,’ Mr. Lamb justly remarks, ‘in which only a genius originally pure, however polluted by the immorality of its era, could descant with appropriate sentiment; which speaks with all the kindly warmth of love, while it refrains from its unreasoning rage; that adopts all its delicacy, without any tinge of its grossness.’ p. xli.

It is pleasing to repose upon these delicious spots of poetry. And assuredly, if verses ever breathed the soul of friendship, the lines to Hortalus, the epistle to Manlius, and the affecting invocation at the tomb of his brother—‘the meed of the melodious tear’—will abundantly testify how sensitively alive he was to that generous impulse. The latter piece is a faithful tablet of natural and unexaggerated grief, transcending the studied sorrows of Tibullus and Hammond, and reflecting more the mind and temper of the man, than the studied and artificial sorrows of the poet. There are, moreover, other poems, which give back an equally faithful reflection of his feelings. If it were our purpose to supply the imperfect accounts of Catullus which have reached us, by traits of his personal and domestic character, they would be found strongly impressed in the verses to his Farm; but, above all, in the inimitable and unimitated address to Sirmio. It is in this delightful piece, that he has depicted his mind worn and sated with the round of foreign pleasures, panting for its home with an ardour increased by estrangement, and sighing for that little circle of home-felt com-



forts which have been the fondest fellowships of his soul. Such is his joy on regaining his beloved peninsula, that he seems almost incredulous of his own happiness.

'Vix mi ipse credens, Thyniam atque Bithynos  
Liquisse campos, et videte te in tuto.'

There is nothing strained, or forced, or unnatural in this delicious expression of feeling. Upon this, as well as upon similar occasions, it is the peculiar happiness of Catullus, that the best and most appropriate words start up in obedience to his summons. He is all ease and nature, repose and softness; and while we hang over his elegant versification, we are conscious of that delightful calm, in which the wearied heart seeks a refuge from the stormy agitations and tossings of life. It is 'the soft green of the soul,' upon which we gladly recline in a temporary oblivion of care and inquietude.

But while we have been thus detained by the recapitulation of the principal charms of Catullus, we have been unmindful of our duty to Mr. Lamb. It is time, therefore, to consider the merits of his translation. Having already enumerated some of the difficulties inseparable from a translation of such an author, candour and even justice require, that the work should be examined with an indulgent reference to those difficulties. To have surmounted them in some instances, and to have eluded them with great skill in others, is no slight praise; and we willingly award it to Mr. Lamb. But that he has effectively translated this hitherto untranslated poet, would be a concession which we could not make conscientiously. In many respects, he is superior to the Translator of 1794; but he frequently falls below him in those qualities of terseness and simplicity, which are indispensable in a translation of Catullus. So reluctant and coy, as it were, are these beauties, so inaccessible to an English versifier, that it is only in a small proportion of the shorter effusions, that we can compliment Mr. Lamb upon his success. We have hinted our opinion as to the greater comparative facility of imitating the more solemn or heroic pieces. In conformity with our theory, we find Mr. Lamb more happy in the *Atys*, the *Peleus* and *Thetis*, &c. than in *Acme* and *Septimius*, and the rest of those exquisite miniatures, where the slightest aberration of the pencil is fatal to the copy. In the *Atys*, he has adopted a metre which, though not generally applied to elevated subjects, is, we incline to think, adapted to convey the hurry and impetuosity of the original more felicitously than, perhaps, any other. But our commendation of Mr. Lamb's version must not be unqualified. The poem, short

as it is, is remarkable for two distinct characters; the utmost vehemence and frenzy of passion in the commencement, which afterwards subsides, by a scarcely perceptible transition, to those plaintive and sorrowing accents in which she retraces the recollections of all that she had once been, and all that she had once loved. For this reason, it has struck us, that the ejaculation beginning with

‘Patria o mea creatrix! patria o mea genetrix!’—

required a much sedater and more dignified measure.

In the exquisite and fascinating epigrams which Martial evidently copied as his models, Mr. Lamb has not uniformly succeeded. He is too periphrastic, and inserts Ovidian graces, which but ill accord with the terseness and purity of his original. For instance, he has expanded into several couplets, the lines which begin thus:

Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam,  
Vere, quantum a me, Lesbia, amata, mea, es.’ &c. &c.

The anonymous Translator of 1795 has thus skilfully rendered them.

‘No nymph amid the much loved few,  
Is loved as thou art loved by me;  
No love was e’er so fond, so true,  
As my fond love, sweet maid, for thee!

‘Yes, e’en thy faults, bewitching fair,  
With such delights my soul possess,  
That whether faithless or sincere,  
I cannot love thee more or less.’

We take the following specimen, not as the happiest, but as one which best suits our purpose.

#### ‘THE RITES AT HIS BROTHER’S GRAVE.

‘Brother, I come o’er many seas and lands  
To the sad rite which pious love ordains,  
To pay thee the last gift that death demands,  
And oft, though vain, invoke thy mute remains:  
Since death has ravish’d half myself in thee,  
Oh wretched brother, sadly torn from me!

‘And now ere fate our souls shall re-unite,  
To give me back all it hath snatch’d away,  
Receive the gifts, our fathers’ ancient rite  
To shades departed still was wont to pay;  
Gifts wet with tears, of heartfelt grief that tell,  
And ever, brother, bless thee, and farewell!

Mr. Lamb's version is unequal: in detached pieces, he is occasionally excellent, and then, as if wearied and worn out with his effort, sinks into tameness and insipidity.

---

Art. V. *Elements of Thought*; or First Lessons in the Knowledge of the Mind: including Familiar Explanations of the Terms employed on Subjects relating to the Intellectual Powers. By Isaac Taylor, junior. 12mo. pp. viii, 208. Price 4s. 6d. London. 1822.

**T**HIS is a work for which we should have been very thankful in our school days. Many persons, we think, without having any distinct idea of what sort of book was needed, must, at some period of their life, have felt their want of just such an introduction as this to metaphysical inquiries. The dry and frequently enigmatical definitions scattered through an English dictionary, supply but little assistance to the novice. The technical rules of logic, and even those general directions for the improvement of the mind, which are of far greater practical utility, contribute but little to remove the embarrassment and perplexity which are experienced on first encountering the mysterious language of philosophy. That the difficulty consists chiefly in the terms employed, is evident, since the abstruse problems in the higher branches of Arithmetic, which are mastered with ease by boys of ordinary quickness of faculty, do not require a less arduous effort of attention, than a metaphysical proposition. Figures, however, have a definite power: words have not. The axioms of Euclid, the principles of all mathematical reasoning, are little more than *arithmetic in words*: they are almost as definite, and the rules as certain, as the language and the laws of figures, because they are conversant only with simple abstract ideas. The notions conveyed by a metaphysical proposition consist, for the most part, of complex abstractions, which, in order to be explained, must be analysed, but refuse to be defined. Hence, a definition of an abstract term of this description, has almost always the effect of obscuring the subject, and is generally less intelligible than the original term. The recent disputes about the proper definition of wealth or riches, and that of value, carried on by our political economists, is an illustration in point. The meaning of metaphysical terms can be explained to a learner, only by illustrations: he arrives at a knowledge of their meaning in the same way as he first acquires a knowledge of words at all, by seeing how they are used. By an illustration, an abstract notion is translated into the language of simple signs; whereas a definition only substitutes for one abstract term an abstraction still more refined or complex. Were the terms of metaphysical



reasoning understood, there would be little difficulty in embracing its most intricate propositions. A communication being once opened between this department of thought, and the student's previous knowledge, he would readily penetrate into the mysteries of the science; for all the difficulty of acquiring new ideas, depends on the remoteness or slenderness of their connexion with our previous ideas. There must be some link between what we know and what we do not know, in order to our extending our knowledge. Abstract inquiries are, from their very nature, remote from our ordinary associations and modes of thinking; but not more so than many of the researches connected with the physical sciences. Let once a few distinct ideas on these subjects make good their lodgement in the mind, they will serve as hooks and eyes for all ideas of the same class; and the facility of pursuing such investigations will increase at every step, as the phraseology becomes more and more familiar to us, and the subject becomes more intimately related to our antecedent acquirements.

Mr. Taylor's volume combines the advantages of an Introduction to the Study of Mind, a Grammar of First Principles, and a Vocabulary of Terms. He has not, indeed, aimed, he tells us, at producing regular Elements either of Metaphysics or of Logic; 'believing that the first book which is put into the hands of a young person with the view of inviting his attention to subjects purely intellectual, should be select rather than comprehensive in its topics, and desultory in its form rather than rigidly logical.' But if Metaphysics be taken to signify correct thinking, and logic, correct reasoning, which is Dr. Watts's view of the matter, the Elements of both sciences will be found substantially, though not formally and methodically contained in this little volume, together with the happiest specimens of their application. 'The introduction,' remarks Dr. Watts, 'of so many subtilties, nice distinctions, and insignificant terms without clear ideas, has brought a great part of the Logic and Metaphysics of the schools into just contempt. Their Logic has appeared the mere art of wrangling, and their Metaphysics the skill of splitting a hair, of distinguishing without a difference, and of putting long hard names upon common things, and sometimes upon a confused jumble of things which have no clear ideas belonging to them. It is certain that an unknown heap of trifles and impertinences have been intermingled with these useful parts of learning, upon which account, many persons in this polite age have made it a part of their breeding to throw a jest upon them; and to rally them well has been esteemed a more valuable

talent than to understand them. But this is running into wide extremes; nor ought these parts of science to be abandoned by the wise, because some writers of former ages have played the fool with them. *True Logic* teaches us to use our reason well, and brings a light into the understanding. *True Metaphysics*, or Ontology, casts a light upon all the objects of thought and meditation.\* We do not, it may be said, want our boys to be metaphysicians. A wise parent would wish, however, to have his boy armed at all points against the imposing sophistry, and "oppositions of science" falsely so called, which assume the shape of metaphysical reasoning. When it is considered how many a youth has been entangled by the cobweb subtleties of infidel casuists, and how many a full-grown novice in such studies has been deceived by some specious generalities, how Metaphysics have been mixed up with every subject of practical interest,—with the dogmas of the Socinian, the philippics of the Anti-Calvinist, the speculations of the Politician, the theories of the Physiologist, with even dry Philology, and perpetually with Ethics,—the attempt to depreciate the importance and utility of such studies, must appear strangely weak or short-sighted. The indirect advantages resulting from them are so considerable, that, were the knowledge actually to be obtained by the pursuit, far less important in its nature or less useful its application, they would still amply repay the attention they demand. They belong to 'a region of thought,' as Mr. Taylor remarks, 'where the mind best acquires force, accuracy, and comprehension.' But, in fact, the topics which they embrace, are so intimately allied to others of a more practical nature, that no education can be justly deemed liberal or complete, which has not introduced the mind to at least the 'Elements' of philosophical thinking, and laid the foundation, in clear ideas of the principal terms employed, for a competent exercise of the faculties on such subjects in after-life.

A work of the present description was much wanted; and the *desideratum* could not have been more efficiently supplied. It is pre-eminently adapted to convey clear ideas on points which are the last to admit of them. We allude not merely to terms, but to things; and, among other things, to the true design of intellectual philosophy itself. The Author will have rendered an important service to Society, should his volume succeed in making that design better understood, and in lessening the prevailing prejudice against all that is included under

---

\* "Improvement of the Mind." C. xx. §. 15.

the sweeping name of Metaphysics, by shewing that, at least in its elements, the science is neither unintelligible nor mysterious. In Part I. it has been his object to explain those operations of the mind which are involved in philosophical reasoning. The following are the chief topics: On the three different modes of expression, the *colloquial*, the *figurative*, and the *philosophical*; on the advantage of cultivating the art or power of thinking; on the property peculiar to man of originating his own thoughts; on the formation of general notions; meaning of the words, *genus*, *species*, and *generalization*; origin and nature of *abstract notions*; difference between *simple* abstract, and *complex* abstract notions; on *analysis*, *classification*, and *arrangement*; on different efforts of abstraction. Part II. contains, in alphabetical order, brief and familiar explanations of the principal terms employed in philosophical inquiries; and in this division of the work are given some 'brief hints relating to the practical employment of the intellectual powers.' A Summary is subjoined, in which are exhibited the connexion and mutual relation of the terms explained in the Vocabulary.

In shewing how we arrive at different kinds of abstract notions, the Author remarks, that the simplest sort are those which we form of the *qualities* of objects known to us by the senses. The following familiar explanation is given as an example of a complex abstract notion.

'When we think of a watch, a plant, an animal, do we not perceive that there is some circumstance in which they are alike? Let us then inquire what it is in which a plant, an animal, and a watch agree. We may take any one of these three things, and endeavour to form such a description of it, as shall suit the other two with equal correctness. Let us then take the last of them and describe it thus. A watch is a machine, so constructed as to measure time by the regulation of a pendulum. This, however, is a description of the watch which will suit neither the plant nor the animal. We take, then, the plant. A plant is a thing which grows from the ground, gradually increases in size, lasts a certain time, and then decays. This description will suit neither the watch nor the animal. Let us try then to describe the animal. An animal is a being which grows, and which moves by its own will; and which, after it has for some time preserved its state, decays or is destroyed. But this description of an animal will not suit the plant or the watch. We have not, therefore, yet described that abstract notion which may cause us to think of these three things as having some resemblance.

'Let us then describe a watch thus: It is a body, consisting of various parts, so related to each other as to produce certain constant movements and changes, with a view to some end or design. Now any thing to which this description may be applied, is called an *organized body*; and the name of this abstract notion, formed in the mind by comparing such bodies, is *organization*. Organization is that in which a



plant, and an animal, and a watch agree; for we may say of one of them with as much propriety as of another, that it is a body consisting of various parts, so adjusted as to produce certain changes and movements, all having a tendency to some end or design.

There is, however, another abstract notion in which the plant and the animal agree; but which does not belong to the watch. This is *Life*. We cannot tell in what life consists, but we see that it is something more than man is able to communicate to any machine. We can only describe it by the effects which we observe. These effects are, a constant movement among the parts of the body; a gradual increase in size, for a certain time; and a regular succession of changes ending in the dissolution of the whole. This principle of life may be compared to the action of the spring of a watch: but it would be a foolish misapplication of words to call the spring, the *life* of a watch; as though the elasticity of the spring, and the principle of life in a plant or an animal, were nearly the same things. Life is something which we do not understand; but the effects of life which we observe, are joined together by the mind, and form an abstract notion: and whenever we see these effects, we remember the notion, and the name of it, and we say, such a thing has life;—either vegetable life, or animal life.

It appears then, that the mind not only forms abstract notions of simple qualities, such as *redness, sweetness, roughness*, but also, that it has abstract notions in which a number of circumstances or qualities are joined together; such as those signified by the words *ductility, fluidity, virtue, organization*.

The articles *argument, belief, demonstration, cause, doubt, judgement, necessity, sophistry, testimony*, in the Vocabulary, are particularly valuable. They are admirable specimens of clear and sound thinking on points of fundamental importance. Cause and Effect are thus explained:

**CAUSE.** We are conscious of being able to *change* the thoughts in our own minds as we *will*; and also to change the position or state of our bodies, and, in some degree, the position or state of things about us, as we *will*. This feeling of being able to change the state of things, according to our *will*, gives us a notion which we call **POWER**. Now any thing which has really, or which *seems* to have power to change the state of other things, is called a **CAUSE**: the change that takes place is called an **EFFECT**.

When we have observed that one event constantly takes place immediately or soon after some other event, we cannot avoid believing that the first event has produced that which follows: therefore we commonly call the first event a *cause*, and the second, an *effect*. For example: when we see that, soon after the rising of the Sun, the hoar-frost dissolves, or that the petals of flowers expand, we say that the Sun is the Cause,—and that the melting of the frost, or the opening of the flowers, is the Effect of this Cause.

If we were to observe that a clock had stopped at sun-set, we should take no particular notice of the circumstance. But if it were constantly

to stop at sun-set, we should suppose that the setting of the sun was the cause of the stopping of the clock. And if all clocks stopped at sun-set, we should not be able to doubt that the light of the sun was, in some way, the cause of the motion of clocks, although we could not find out *how* the sun acted upon the wheels, so as to produce this effect.

' We see, therefore, that it is *natural to us*, whenever we see any change take place in the state of things, to believe that there is *something* which has the power to produce this change, and which we call the *cause* of it. It is also equally natural to us to believe that, when two events constantly take place, one immediately after another, the first of them is the cause of the second.'

Under the word *Power*, occur the following additional remarks on Cause and Effect.

' *POWER.* It has already been said, (see *CAUSE*,) that the notion of Power is a simple abstraction, derived from our consciousness, when, by an act of the will, we produce a change, either in the mind itself, or in the position of the body by the action of the muscles. The mind naturally and involuntarily connects this notion of *Power* with whatever seems to produce an effect. Hence it is common to say, that every cause has in it the *power* to produce its proper effect. We speak of the *Powers* of nature, generally; or, in particular instances, of the Power of the Sun to produce the evaporation of fluids, and the ripening of fruits; of the elastic Power of the Atmosphere; the expansive Power of Steam, &c.

' This mode of speaking ought to be understood simply as expressing the *antecedence* of one event, and the uniform *sequence* of another event; the first called a Cause, the second an Effect. Our inquiries into the laws of Nature, carry us no further than to ascertain what events are uniformly consequent, the one on the other. We know of no *Power* but that which belongs to the *Mind*. It is an old definition of Mind and Matter, agreeable to this definition of Power,—Mind is that which *moves*; Matter is that which is *moved*.'

The natural persuasion here alluded to, that every effect has a cause, and that the connexion of certain causes with certain effects is constant, is further illustrated under the article *Inference*. In these few paragraphs, we have compressed the sum and substance of many wire-drawn pages of philosophizing. The articles *Contingent*, *Necessity*, and *Probability* pursue the subject.

' *CONTINGENT*, from *contingo*, to touch; to hit; to happen.

' When any event takes place which seems to us to have no cause why it should happen in one way rather than another, it is called a *contingent event*: as, for example, the falling of a leaf on a *certain spot*; or the turning up of any particular number, when the dice are thrown. In reality, nothing happens by chance: or, to speak more properly, *chance* is a word which has no real meaning, except it be taken as a convenient

name for our ignorance of the cause of some effect. If we see a leaden bullet fall to the ground, we know *beforehand* that it will fall on the spot perpendicularly under it; because we know it to be influenced only by the attraction of gravity; and therefore, when it actually falls where we had expected it to fall, we do not say that it fell there by chance, for we think that it could not have fallen any where else. But when we see a leaf fall, we cannot tell beforehand where it will alight upon the ground, because it is influenced by changing currents of air, as well as by the attraction of gravity; therefore we imagine that it falls where it does by chance: and its falling on one spot, or on another, is called a *contingent event*. But this way of speaking only means that we cannot tell *beforehand* how the thing will happen. Nothing comes to pass without a cause.

'The rising of the Sun to-morrow is not called a contingent event; because we consider it as certain. The fineness of the day we think contingent, because we cannot foretel the state of the weather; but if we knew all the causes which influence the state of the atmosphere, and how they follow each other, so as to produce rain, or drought, *then*, we should no longer speak of a fine day as an accidental or contingent event, because it would take place according to our expectation. See NECESSITY.'

'NECESSITY is opposed to *contingency*. Future events of which we do not know the causes that may influence them, are called *contingent*; but events of which we know the causes, so that we are able certainly to foretel what will happen, are called *necessary*. The only difference between what we call contingent and what we call necessary, exists in our own minds, and depends upon different degrees of knowledge. Every event has a cause; and every cause produces its effects certainly in connexion with other causes.

'The very same event may be considered as *contingent* by one man, and as coming to pass necessarily by another. A bowing wall is observed by two persons: if the first is asked whether it will stand a year longer, he replies,—'It may fall, probably; but it is *possible* that it may stand a year: its falling is a contingent event.' The other person, who is a builder, has examined the state of the wall; he perceives that it is constantly declining from the perpendicular; he sees that it *must* fall in a few days: he, therefore, considers the event, not as contingent, but as necessary. The difference in the opinion of these two persons, results from their different degrees of knowledge. Whoever *knows perfectly all* the causes which will influence an event, views that event, not as contingent, but as necessary.

'Necessity is often opposed to *Liberty*, when the actings of the mind are spoken of. A being who has liberty, or who, as it is termed, is a *free agent*, is one who *wills*, and who *does what he wills*. We speak of the future actions of men as *contingent*, because we cannot know the motives or circumstances which will be the causes of the actions. But we do not so often speak of our own future actions as contingent; because we commonly suppose ourselves to know the motives by which our actions will be determined. Yet it is plain that one man's actions are



not really more contingent than those of another. We can imagine ourselves to be placed in circumstances, wherein we could foretel *certainly* what our conduct would be ; (supposing no other causes than those which we are aware of, will be present to influence us ;) and yet, while we thus think of our future conduct as certain, or *necessary*, we still feel ourselves perfectly free. We are sure that we are *free agents*, whenever we can choose, and follow our choice. The future actions of men are known to God, because he knows *all the causes* that will influence their actions.'

The size of the volume will not justify our making any further extracts. These will suffice to shew that it has no ordinary pretensions to clearness, accuracy, and strength of reasoning. Although, from the nature of the subjects, there is little that can be considered as absolutely new in the matter, the work is distinguished from a mere compilation, by that air of originality which every subject acquires from being passed through the mind of a vigorous thinker. The marks of this process are visible in every sentence, in the condensation and simple force of the language. It is evidently the production of a person long habituated to close thinking, and familiar with the whole range of metaphysical inquiry. It cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the higher classes in schools, and may be consulted with great advantage by persons of all ages, who wish to extend or to correct, at a small expense of time, their imperfect acquaintance with the terms and subjects to which it relates.

---

Art. VI. *Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life ; or a Practical Exposition of Domestic, Ecclesiastical, Patriotic, and Mercantile Duties.* By John Morison, Minister of Trevor Chapel, Brompton. 12mo. pp. 362. Price 7s. London. 1822.

**W**HILE the prelate and the professor are issuing from their palace or their snug prebendal stall, their refutations of that most pernicious of all heresies, Calvinism, and demonstrating how a belief in Predestination and Original Sin must needs cut up morality by the roots, and destroy all motive to virtue,—the abettors of those horrible doctrines are silently evangelizing society by their labours, opposing to the calumnies of their assailants the unanswerable rhetoric of consistent and holy lives. From Calvinism has proceeded the spirit of missions and the spirit of translations, which have wrought such moral and such literary wonders as have compelled the admiration of the sceptic and silenced the scorner ; and from Calvinism, unquestionably, has the impulse chiefly been derived, which has put in motion the vast machinery of benevo-

lence at home. Calvinism is perpetually originating no small portion of the practical exertions which are being made for the melioration of society; and of the works which issue from the press, having for their object the inculcation of practical Christianity, the larger proportion will be found to have been furnished by Calvinists. Such a volume as the present is an answer to a thousand speculations about the tendency of Calvinistic doctrines; and if their opponents would but descend from hypothesis to facts, the believers in those reprobated doctrines need not shrink from the most rigid application of the Scriptural test, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

This is the motto which Mr. Morison has adopted in his title-page; and vain are all pretensions to religion which will not stand this test. If we once abandon the axiom, that practice is the touchstone of principle, we are left without any certain criterion of either the Divinity of the Revelation or the sincerity of individual profession. That which forms the chief among the internal evidences of the truth of Christianity itself—its holy tendency, must occupy the same place, and possess the same importance, as an evidence of the truth of any modification of the Christian system. The minute and circumstantial requirements of that system relate to all the duties of social life. It is when viewed in this light, and 'separated from all those corruptions and defects which so often attach to her professors,' that our holy religion appears in all its native grandeur and simplicity. 'A sincere and upright Christian must,' Mr. Morison contends, 'be a good relative character.'

'This might have been doubted, indeed, had Christianity been silent on the subject, or had it contained some general directions only, which admitted a construction suited to the varied prejudices of mankind; but, since the reverse of this is the case, and since the discharge of every relative duty is constituted an essential and indispensable part of practical piety;—since the various relations are classified, and the various duties belonging to each distinct class pressed home with fidelity on the human conscience,—how can any one who is not attentive to his relative obligations, look for a participation in that hope which the Gospel reveals? If Christianity consisted in a few insulated principles, like most of the systems of antiquity, or even in a harmonious creed adjusted with the utmost precision in all its parts, the charge might be brought against it, that it did not provide sufficiently for the relative responsibilities of life; but when its uniform character, as delineated by the inspired writers, is that of a hallowed influence pervading the whole man, dwelling in every faculty, controlling every action, and imparting a character of integrity and beneficence to the entire deportment; the impious neglecter of relative duty can neither live in the possession of a good conscience, nor maintain the evidence of an accepted state. What is Christianity, after

all, to any of us, if we fail to embody its principles, and spirit, and precepts, in the every-day movements of life? Men may dream of a Christianity dissociated from all moral influence, but, ere long, they will find, in their mournful experience, that it is only a dream; and when all the mists and prejudices of this dark world shall have vanished, the hoary speculatist in religion, who never felt its transforming energy in his heart, nor its holy influence in his life, will awake up to all the realities of endless despair.' pp. 16, 17.

Mr. Morison expresses an apprehension, in his preface, that the habits of many professors of religion in these eventful times, render the honest enforcement of Relative Duties, not only desirable, but peculiarly obligatory on the Pastor.

\* For, irrespectively of the influence which public exertions for the conversion of the world may have in diverting the mind from the sober and unostentatious virtues of private life, it is (he says) not a little to be feared, that with not a few of the professed advocates of Salvation by Grace, the full detail of Relative Duties is becoming every day more unpopular. It is a remarkable circumstance, that, while the class alluded to are never offended with the most ample announcement of Christian privileges, an instant jealousy springs up in their minds when a preacher ventures to speak plainly and pointedly, although it may be affectionately and evangelically, on the specific obligations which we owe to each other in the stations which Divine Providence has assigned us. If duties are merely *implied*, the Preacher will readily be tolerated; but if he proceeds to examine them minutely, and to exhibit those states of mind which are opposed to their progress, he is in no small danger of being reproached for the want of orthodoxy. Such a perverted taste ought surely, if possible, to be banished from the Church of Christ; and no effort, however feeble, will be undervalued by the judicious and candid, which is directed towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object.

There is nothing, however, uncommon or difficult to be accounted for in this morbid distaste for the preceptive parts of Christianity. Those are emphatically the "hard sayings." We are convinced that it requires a *high degree of spirituality of mind*, to welcome and relish the full and faithful enforcement of personal and social duties,—a much higher degree than is requisite in order to enjoy all the doctrinal peculiarities of any system of religious truth. To "delight in the law of God after the inward man," is an attainment which implies a far more advanced state of character, than to delight in the discovery of a way of escape for the guilty. And it is only such a holy acquiescence in the Divine Law, and a sincere desire to be in all things conformed to its dictates, that can render practical subjects really interesting to the mind. We know that this is not the usual view which is taken of the subject. There is a sort of ethical preaching, which borrows more from Epictetus than



from Paul,—although, to do justice to the heathen moralist, it often falls short even of what he has taught,—an insipid, generalizing morality, which can be endured by persons to whom the preaching of the Cross is foolishness, and the doctrines of Grace a stumbling block. But it is of the religious world that we are now speaking, within which, those doctrines may be supposed to have lost their repulsive character through familiarity, if they have not been sincerely received; and we are firmly persuaded, that in reference to persons religiously educated or the regular attendants upon an evangelical ministry, it holds good, that the highest strain of doctrinal preaching requires less intellectual and less spiritual advancement to have been made, in order to its being cordially and attentively listened to, than a strain of practical instruction which should follow the Christian into the family circle, the counting-house, the exchange, and all the spheres of social life. This style of preaching is apt to be considered as dry, as elementary, as suited to young persons or novices; and the hearer often deceives himself by referring his distaste to his love of the distinguishing doctrines of religion; in fact, to his superior spirituality. ‘It is not the kind of preaching, he hopes, that he stands in need of. It is very proper to take such subjects now and then, and he hopes it will do good to such and such classes, for whom doubtless it was intended; but it is not the description of sermon that he prefers.’ But the truth is, that this distaste arises from the *partial* character of his own personal religion, from the languid play of his affections, from the low degree of his attainments. And if there is any correctness in Mr. Morison's representation, it only goes to prove, that amid the widely extended profession of religion, and the outward zeal and activity which so honourably characterize the present remarkable era in the history of the Church, there is too prevailing a deficiency of spirituality, and consequently a distaste for topics bearing on the minuter branches of personal duty. If this be the case, or whether this be the case or not, Mr. Morison deserves the best thanks of the religious public for having brought distinctly before them the subject of Relative Duties. His example, we trust, will have its effect, and be followed in the pulpit; while his volume cannot fail to be very extensively useful.

The subjects of these Lectures are as follows: *Domestic Relations*. 1. Introductory. 2. Marriage the Institution of Heaven. 3. Conjugal Duties. 4. Parental Obligations. 5. Filial Obligations. 6. Obligations of Masters. 7. Obligations of Servants, *Ecclesiastical Relations*. 8. Pastoral Duties. 9. Duties of a People to their Minister. *Patriotic Relations*. 10. Duties of

Kings and Subjects. *Mercantile Relations*. 11. High Importance of Mercantile Integrity. 12. Improvement of Talents.

We do not know that we can select a passage that will place in a fairer light the integrity, the explicitness, and the sound discretion which characterize these Lectures, than one which occurs in the second Lecture, on a subject of equal delicacy and importance, respecting which, the greatest practical mistakes are daily committed in opposite directions. Speaking of 'the union of a believer to an unbeliever,' as necessarily 'incompatible with that unanimity of sentiment, that cordiality of heart, and that sameness of pursuit, which constitute at once the security and the ornament of wedded life,' the Preacher proceeds :

'If the judgement of a good man were left without bias on the expediency of such a union, he could not fail, before advancing a single step, to ask himself the following questions :—How far is such a connexion likely to contribute to mutual comfort?—Is it within the limits of Christian prudence?—If I enter into it, shall I "abstain from all appearance of evil?"—What influence will it have on private and family devotion?—Is there any reason to believe that the benediction of Heaven will rest upon it?—Where is the promise, that, in doing evil, good will come?—Should any change be wrought, is it not probable that it will be in myself, and may not that change be for the worse?—Can I then rush forward into such a connexion, and risk my happiness,—my domestic peace,—my personal religion,—my very soul? Reflection, prudent forethought, and a due regard to expediency, might teach a Christian man all this,—and would certainly teach him, but for the irresistible voice of misguided and blind affection.

'But why do I speak of expediency on such a vital question as this? Christians are not here abandoned to expediency,—to their own natural sense of right and wrong,—and to the faint glimmerings of a conscience partially illuminated;—they are directly prohibited from marrying, except "in the Lord;" and one plain commandment should be as a thousand.

'I am aware of the modes of reasoning which too many resort to, in order to escape the force of this authoritative prohibition, and to still the clamour of an accusing conscience. The Object, they tell you, of their affection, though not completely decided, is, nevertheless, very favourable to religion; her disposition is exceedingly tractable, and they entertain no doubt of winning her over to the truth;—they have so far arranged, by mutual consent, that their religious views and feelings shall never be a ground of dispute;—and they have no doubt that, after a time, they will see eye to eye, and go hand in hand, in the great matters of their eternity. Alas! how many have thus reasoned, and found themselves in the end, after all their high-wrought hopes, miserably deceived! It must always be extremely hazardous to reason in the face of a Divine command, and this is precisely the condition of every one who labours to persuade himself of the propriety of marrying an enemy of the Lord.

'I am very far from thinking, however, that a Christian may not, in



perfect consistency with the word of God, unite himself in marriage to an individual who differs from him on a variety of questions connected with religion.

‘ In subordinate matters, there exists a very great diversity of sentiment and feeling among sincere and upright Christians ; and although entire unanimity is desirable between a husband and a wife, yet, if they cultivate a truly Christian spirit, I see no reason why a shade of difference in their religious belief, should in the least divide their affections or hinder their prayers. They must not, however, in this case, be tenacious and self-willed, lest the particulars in which they differ should be more frequently thought of than the still more important ones in which they agree. It were highly desirable, also, that they could so far yield the one to the other as to attend the same place of worship. It is painful to see a Christian couple going hand in hand every where else but to the house of God : and if Providence should bless them with a family, the ill-advised step would, in all probability, be most injurious in its influence on their rising offspring.

‘ One of the most distinguished advantages attending the union of individuals decidedly religious, is the guarantee it affords, that true piety shall be perpetuated in the world. The harmonious instructions and the united supplications of a couple who have married “ in the Lord,” are most fitly adapted means to raise up a generation for God. When Joshua was about to resign that charge, the duties of which he had so honourably and so usefully fulfilled, before entering on his rest, he solemnly warns the Israelites against the sinful and injurious practice of uniting themselves in marriage to the people of the nations around them. “ Take good heed, therefore, unto yourselves, that ye love the Lord your God. Else, if ye do in any wise go back, and cleave unto the remnant of these nations, *even* these that remain among you, and shall make marriages with them, and go in unto them, and they unto you ;—know, for a certainty, that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you ; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land, which the Lord your God hath given you.” And does not the experience of every age prove that these threatenings, in the substance of them, are accomplished, in every instance, where the salutary law of Heaven is violated ?

‘ When Ezra saw his devoted countrymen, privileged as they were with the knowledge of the true God, taking of the daughters of the nations “ for themselves and for their sons, so that the holy seed had mingled themselves with the people of the lands ;” he rent his garment and his mantle, and plucked off the hair of his head, and of his beard, and “ sat down astonished.”

‘ If individuals knowing and fearing the Lord, will so far forget their obligations to their Divine Master, as to unite their destinies with those whose religious principles and character, to say the least, are doubtful ; they need not be surprised should the mournful events which took place in the days of Nehemiah be again transacted in their domestic circle. “ In those days,” said he, “ also, saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab ; and their children spake half in the



speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jew's language, but according to the language of each people." It will be well, indeed, if the offspring of mixed marriages do not speak *more* than half the language of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab. It is much to be feared, however, that the bad example will be followed, while the good one is neglected.

' There is only one case that can justify the union of parties, the contrast of whose character is measured by the terms *conversion* and *unconversion*, and that is, when, after a solemn pledge of marriage has been given, one of the individuals concerned is brought to the knowledge of the truth, while the other remains in a state of listless apathy and perfect indifference. Here, unless a mutual consent is obtained for dissolving the connexion, the Christian party must consent to take up his cross, as no *religious* reason can be assigned for the breach of a *moral* obligation, which the promise of marriage undoubtedly is, when made by persons competent to dispose of themselves in the conjugal relation. pp. 40—45.

The Lecture on the obligations of servants, in which the more peculiar and especial obligations of religious servants are very properly insisted upon, we consider as pre-eminently adapted to be serviceable; and we could wish to see it in a detached form, that it might obtain a still wider circulation. Under the head of the Duties of a People to their Minister, occur some remarks which we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe, because they strike at the root of the prevailing lax and inadequate notions on the subject of pastoral authority, without countenancing any of those *priestly* claims, a resistance to which has driven many persons to reject the pastoral call altogether.

' Christians are here exhorted to obey their pastors in the character of spiritual rulers or guides. And it is a matter of great practical moment for every member of every church to understand the nature of the duty which is thus so plainly enjoined on him, and enjoined, not by human, but Divine authority. Rejoice then, my Christian friends, "in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free," and rank it among one of your most illustrious privileges, that, as Protestant Dissenters, the obedience which is exacted from you to your pastors is of a nature strictly *voluntary*. Mistake me not, as if I insinuated that you are at liberty to dispense with, or to reject, this obedience as you may think proper; this is by no means the case: you are, in this respect, "under law to Christ," and to him you are accountable for the manner in which you treat any of his institutions. When I say that your obedience is *voluntary*, I simply remind you of the fact, that your ministers are not imposed upon you by any influence or authority independent of the franchise of the people; and while I would remind you of this fact, I think it important to add, that having elected your spiritual instructors, you are bound by that significant act vigorously and conscientiously to co-operate with them,—to hold up their heads,—and not to forsake their instructions so long as they retain those ministerial qualifications which originally influenced and decided your choice. Since your teachers

have had the happiness to receive your generous and unconstrained invitation to labour among you and to be over you in the Lord; since "yourselves, brethren, know their entrance in unto you, that it was not in vain;" since ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably, they have behaved themselves among you that believe;" since you have fairly examined and properly estimated their ministerial gifts and graces—surely it will be your constant study to give full effect to your past acts by a submissive conduct and teachable disposition. Never let it be said with truth of you, that, in having claimed for yourselves the right of electing your own pastors, you have only erected an engine of oppression, the movements of which are directed not against the many, but against an unoffending and conscientious individual, who finds that the same power that professes to choose in wisdom, can dismiss with caprice.

Your obedience being voluntary, let it partake also of an *enlightened character*. A correct knowledge of the pastoral claims will contribute greatly to a due fulfilment of them: and where ignorance of the mind of Christ prevails on this head, it is no wonder that confusion and every evil work should ensue. It is greatly to the honour of members of churches to aspire to a full acquaintance with their principles, to inform themselves correctly as to the usages of their forefathers, but especially, to investigate with diligence the great statute-book of the kingdom of Christ. Upon this will mainly depend the stability of churches, and the comfort as well as success of pastors. It greatly becomes the members of all churches to endeavour to form a correct estimate of the value of the pastoral character; to aspire to scriptural views as to the mutual obligations of the pulpit and the pew, and, in short, to have fixed sentiments on every thing relating to doctrine and discipline: that thus Christian professors may become ensamples to surrounding churches, and prove a source of unmingled gratitude and joy to those who sustain the responsible office of spiritual instructors. An enlightened minister envies not, I am sure, a blind attachment either to his person or his ministry; he is too well aware of the fluctuations of ignorance to have formed any such preference. On the contrary, he invites you, according to your several abilities and circumstances, to make yourselves thoroughly acquainted with the nature of his office, and with the arduous character of his duties, being fully satisfied that to know your obligations will be one important step towards their fulfilment. The attainment of a sound judgement, on these matters, will guard you against a thousand snares into which otherwise you will unquestionably fall.' pp. 238—241.

The Discourse on the Duties of Kings and Subjects, is, like all the rest, of a decidedly practical nature. It is written with peculiar care, and discovers both discrimination and firmness. It will please no partisan on either side. In fact, Mr. Morison remarks,

—'if a man wishes that religion should prosper in his soul, he will be very careful, indeed, of coming into contact with any subject calculated to rouse the worst passions of our fallen nature; and I scruple not to say,

that the political partisan, on the one side and on the other, does expose himself to this risk.

The following is the Preacher's exposition of the much perverted text, Rom. xiii. 1.

‘ 1. *It instructs us in the origin of government.*

‘ It is distinctly traced to the will and appointment of the Infinite Mind. “ There is no power but of God ;”—in other words, there is no government in any quarter of the globe, or of any particular form, which does not exist by the good providence of Him by whom “ Kings reign and princes decree justice.” And lest the Christian converts at Rome had been disposed to consider the imperial despotism of Nero as forming a fit exception to this general proposition, the Apostle immediately adds,—“ the powers that be, are of God.”

‘ This inspired representation of “ the higher powers,” by no means supposes, that the Most High, by any *direct* interference, sets up an individual monarch, or institutes any given form of government. This he never did, but in the instance of the Jewish people ; and there were special reasons, in their marvellous history, explanatory of the Divine conduct. It appears quite obvious, that while the Moral Governor of the world, who “ is not the author of confusion, but of peace,” has willed the existence of government in general ; he has left the different nations of the earth to model and consolidate their respective constitutions, according to their particular circumstances and characters ; and it is equally obvious, from the doctrine of the text, and from the slightest reflection on the state of human nature, that government, in any of its existing forms, whether monarchical, aristocratical, republican, or mixed, is more in unison with the Divine will, than a condition of savage barbarism and uncontrolled anarchy and licentiousness. “ A country without a government would speedily, for want of those means of subsistence and comfort, to the existence of which it is indispensable, become an *Arabian* desert ; and that, however fruitful its soil, or salubrious its climate. Mankind have never yet been able to exist for any length of time in a state of anarchy. What reason so completely evinces, the Scriptures decide in the most peremptory manner. *The powers that be, are ordained of God :* in other words ; *Government is an ordinance of God.*”

‘ But while it is an ordinance of God, and one of a most benign and merciful character, it by no means follows as a consequence, that any particular monarch can plead a *jus divinum*, or divine right, to his throne, independently of the providential circumstances and agents by which he has been raised to the possession of regal dignity. The Roman Emperors, who are represented in the text as “ ordained of God,” were, at the same time, elected by military franchise, or chosen and confirmed by the voice of the senate. In order to illustrate this statement, it may be observed, that although the mutual contract of two individuals of opposite sexes, regularly ratified by law, constitutes marriage ; yet the Scriptures teach us to believe, that marriage is, notwithstanding, the ordinance of God. To bring the



illustration more closely home to your convictions:—the mixed government of this country is, beyond doubt, “the ordinance of God;”—and yet who will deny, that the illustrious sovereigns of the House of Brunswick owe their elevation to the British throne, mediately, to the glorious Revolution of 1688? This train of thought, I am aware, carries with it a tacit recognition of what has been styled by writers on the theory of government, the *original compact*; and whether we are able to trace that compact to its origin or not, it appears palpable to human reason, that the relation of sovereign and people implies a state of mutual obligation: at all events, this can never be denied by any one who imbibes the doctrine of moral responsibility, as stated in the Scriptures.—I will even go farther, and say,—it can never be denied by any enlightened Briton. “It is,” observes the celebrated Judge Blackstone, “a maxim of the law, that protection and subjection are reciprocal; and the reciprocal duties are what is meant by the Convention in 1688, when they declared, that King James had broken the contract between the prince and the people. But, however, as the terms of the original compact were in a great measure disputed, being alleged to exist merely in theory, and to be only deducible by reason and natural law, in which deduction different understandings might very considerably differ, it was, after the Revolution, judged proper to declare these duties expressly, and to reduce that contract to a plain certainty; so that whatever doubts might be formerly raised by weak and scrupulous minds about the existence of such a contract, they must now entirely cease, especially with regard to every prince who hath reigned since the year 1688.”

‘The coronation of a British monarch is a standing memorial of the compact existing between the sovereign and the people. The solemn oath then taken, includes in it an avowed obligation to rule “according to law,”—to maintain “justice and mercy in these realms,”—and to watch over the interests of “the Protestant religion.”’

‘After what has been said, you will not suspect me of holding the odious doctrine, that the crimes which have disgraced the annals of human governments, are, in any way, chargeable on infinite wisdom and goodness,—because “the powers that be, are ordained of God.” As well might all the perversions of the human intellect be charged on the Deity, because there is no power or faculty of man for which he is not indebted to the great Author of his being. The power is from God;—the abuse of it, from the erring and sinful creature.

‘This conducts me to another observation, viz. 2. *That the text instructs us sufficiently as to the end of government.*

‘In deciding this question, nothing more is necessary than simply to refer to the source whence government flows. If “there is no power but of God,” every government answers his benevolent design just in proportion as it provides for the happiness of his rational creatures; for whose welfare the institution of government has been erected.

‘I frankly admit, that Rulers are no where expressly addressed in the New Testament; but we are not to conclude, on this account,

that their high duties are in no way suggested to them. The concession of a people's allegiance is not, indeed, suspended on the contingency of a monarch's conduct; but it would be worse than absurd, it would be extremely pernicious, to assert, that princes are not bound to regulate the affairs of their administration by the dictates of reason and the general laws of Scripture. If they are expressly "ordained of God;"—if they "are not a terror to good works, but to evil;"—if they are "the ministers of God for good;"—if they are "revengers, to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil;"—there can be no hesitation in affirming, that when they divest themselves of these qualities, and assume others of a directly opposite description, they draw down upon themselves the displeasure of Heaven, and become the curses rather than the blessings of mankind.' pp. 266—271.

We have no room for further extracts, nor have we any disposition to criticise the style of Lectures prepared under the circumstances adverted to in the preface. To the justness and excellence of the sentiments, we are not aware of an exception; and they are enforced, as the quotations amply evince, in a popular, judicious, and striking manner. The language is always unaffected; and the style, if not uniformly unexceptionable in point of finished correctness, is, generally speaking, an excellent pulpit style. We cordially recommend the volume to the attention of our readers.

---

Art. VII. *May Day with the Muses*. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the *Farmer's Boy*. Foolscape 8vo. pp. 100. Price 4s. London. 1822.

**F**EW poets have more honestly won, or more meekly worn their honours than Robert Bloomfield. That he is a poet, we will maintain in the face of all critics Northern and Southern, who would insinuate to the contrary. Had he been so fortunate as to come into the world fifty years earlier, no one would have thought of depreciating his claims. But the literary world has been of late pampered into daintiness. The *Farmer's Boy* was too *loftily* bepraised at its first appearance. It owed, it is true, much of its temporary success to the well-meant endeavours of its Editor and Commentator; and so far the Poet was under great obligations to his Mecænas. But the ebb-tide of popular feeling has fallen proportionably below the mark, and has left the poet scarcely afloat.

It has been brought as a heavy and annihilating charge against Bloomfield, that he is not either Burns or Clare. To compare him with the former, were absurd, for Burns was not an uneducated man; and it were not less invidious to set up young Lubin to the disparagement of old Giles. But, as such a comparison has been hinted at, we will just take the liberty

to remark, that had Giles been left to follow the plough, instead of stooping over the last in Bell Alley, or vegetating at the Shepherd and Shepherdess in the City Road,—had he remained a peasant and a pupil of Nature till his limbs had acquired their full development, his frame had been strung to health, and his education as a poet had been completed by the woods and the streams, the winds and the sunshine, and the quiet of the country, our Farmer's Boy would have led off with the Muses on May-day in a far higher style than must now be expected from him. The man has brain enough, as his ample forehead testifies. The 'anterior cerebral lobes,' as Mr. Lawrence would say, are sufficiently developed to admit of his excelling as a poet. And he has certainly heart enough, for never was a more passionate lover of rural Nature. All that seems wanted is, a greater portion of physical elasticity, that should have given a healthful vigour to his thoughts, and tone to his feelings. The feebleness which is occasionally betrayed in his productions, is that induced by the languid action of a crazy frame, originally unworthy of the mind which it serves, and rendered still more inadequate to the higher functions of imagination by perpetual ill-health and concomitant anxieties. 'I have written these tales,' he tells us, 'in anxiety and in a wretched state of health; and if these formidable foes have not incapacitated me, but left me free to meet the public eye with any degree of credit, that degree of credit I am sure I shall gain.' They have not incapacitated him for pleasing those who are disposed to be pleased with wild-flowers and May-blossom, and such simple things as go to form a May-day wreath; and he must be a ruthless and a heartless critic who would by rough handling doom them to fade a moment before their time.

The argument of the present poem is as follows; Sir Ambrose Higham of Oakley Hall in the county of Fairyland, baronet, now in his eightieth year, yet being of perfect mind and memory, resolves on celebrating old May-day by giving a feast to his tenants, when they should be allowed to pay their half-year's rent in rhyme. As a precedent for so singular a bargain, the poet refers us to a paper in the Rambler, where an individual is celebrated, who, 'as Alfred received the tribute of the Welsh in wolves' heads,' allowed his 'tenants to pay their rents in butterflies, till he had exhausted the papilionaceous tribe.' A man has a right to do what he will with his own estate, remarks the Poet; just as a Poet has a right to do what he will with his hero. The only difficulty lies in the required supposition that a cluster of poets could be found in one village. But, happily, Sir Ambrose's proclamation was



not express that every tenant should bring his own verses ; so that one poet—the Parish clerk, or Ploughman Giles, or any other individual addicted to composing sonnets, epitaphs, valentines, or bell-man's verses—might have sufficed for the village. In the present instance, however, it is affirmed that there

' —Shot through many a heart a secret fire,  
A new-born spirit, an intense desire  
For once to catch a spark of local fame,  
And bear a poet's honourable name !  
Already some aloft began to soar,  
And some to think who never thought before.  
But O, what numbers all their strength applied,  
Then threw despairingly the task aside  
With feign'd contempt, and vow'd they'd never tried.'

By some means or other, or, as we should say at Oakley-Hall, by hook or by crook, when old May-day arrived, there was note-paper enough in readiness to answer the demand.

' Thus came the jovial day, no streaks of red  
O'er the the broad portal of the morn were spread,  
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,  
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,  
Doom'd instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,  
To reign awhile, and be exhaled at ten.  
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,  
Forth came the conquering sun and look'd abroad ;  
Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,  
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue  
Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy,  
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,  
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain ;  
But change the scene and make him laugh again,  
His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears  
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.  
From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene  
Was that high swelling lawn, that destined green,  
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,  
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride.  
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,  
E'en old Sir Ambrose had been up at five ;  
There his whole household labour'd in his view,—  
But light is labour when the task is new.  
Some wheel'd the turf to build a grassy throne,  
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,  
Rough-rind and bold, as master of the place.  
Five generations of the Higham race  
Had pluck'd his flowers, and still he held his sway,  
Waved his white head and felt the breath of May.'

Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,  
 To bask in open ~~city~~ on English ground;  
 And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew  
 Long wreaths and garlands, gathered in the dew.  
 Some spread the snowy canvas, propp'd on high  
 O'er sheltered tables with their whole supply.  
 Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,  
 And cropp'd the daisies for a dancing space.  
 Some roll'd the mouldy barrel in his might,  
 From prison'd darkness into cheerful light,  
 And fenc'd him round with cans; and others bore  
 The creaking hamper with its costly store,  
 Well cork'd, well flavour'd, and well tax'd, that came  
 From Lusitanian mountains, dear to fame,  
 Whence Gama steer'd and led the conquering way  
 To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.  
 A thousand minor tasks fill'd every hour,  
 Till the sun gain'd the zenith of his power,  
 When every path was throng'd with old and young,  
 And many a sky-lark in his strength upsprung  
 To bid them welcome. Not a face was there  
 But for May-day at least had banished care.  
 No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,  
 No timid glance: they knew their host too well.  
 Freedom was there, and joy in every eye.  
 Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.'

Of the songs and recitals, we have been best pleased with "The Soldier's Home," and "Alfred and Jennet." The latter is a very simple and interesting little tale, written to shew that it is not 'impossible for a blind man to fall in love.' It is so much the best thing in the volume, that we hardly do justice to the Author in not giving an extract from it; but we could not detach any passage from the narrative without disadvantage.

---

Art. VIII. *Reflections on Gall and Spurzheim's System of Physiognomy and Phrenology.* Addressed to the Court of Assistants of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, in June 1821. By John Abernethy, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 75. London. 1821.

**T**HERE is no erroneous doctrine or theory which has for any length of time obtained an extensive currency, but will be found to have been indebted for its success to some portion of truth imbodyed in it. And the force of truth is in nothing more manifest, than in its procuring a reception for the errors in which it is enveloped. Had the speculations of Spurzheim been wholly baseless and unreasonable, had he been not simply a theorist but an impostor, no argument would have been necessary to disprove his Craniological reveries. Nor would even

his acknowledged abilities, his professional eminence, and the benevolence and candour which distinguish his character, have long rescued assumptions wholly gratuitous from the contempt of all men of science. There can be no doubt that Dr. Spurzheim was actuated by a genuine and not unintelligent enthusiasm; and he thought that he had collected facts sufficient to warrant the inferences he deduced from them. We give him full credit for believing that he had new and important information to communicate relative to the nature of man; and we wholly acquit him of any insidious intention. Between the doctrine of *knobs* or *bumps* and an atheistic Materialism, there is no more necessary connexion than between the physiognomical speculations of the amiable and pious Lavater, and the doctrine of a mechanical Necessity. We admit with Mr. Abernethy, that much mischief might arise from a persuasion on the part of an individual, that he had such and such protuberances, which rendered certain tendencies irresistible. But Dr. Spurzheim nowhere maintains that physical tendencies are irresistible. A more rational line of conduct on the part of the believer in Craniology, who should discover in himself any knobs of bad omen, would be, to direct all his efforts to the watchful and sedulous counteraction of that organic propensity. Again, Mr. Abernethy objects, that

‘ If an unbenevolent and inconsiderate man who had never studied human nature, were at once to decide from the form of the head, and suspect or believe all those who happen to be broad across the temples, of being covetous or crafty, he would surely injuriously mistake the character of many persons.’

But this objection would equally apply to physiognomy. A man's misapplying its rules, does not prove that those rules have no foundation in nature, but only that they are liable to misapplication. Since, however, it is native *tendencies* only, which either the lines of the face or the inequalities on the surface of the *cranium* are supposed to indicate, the man who should peremptorily decide on *another's* character, (that character which is the complex result of temperament, education, social habits, and moral discipline,) from the physical propensities of the individual merely, leaving all the other circumstances out of consideration, would but discover a craniological deficiency, not to say, a moral defect, in himself.

Leaving the doctrines of Lavater and of Spurzheim out of the question, the existence of certain intellectual and animal propensities in different individuals, cannot, we think, be rationally questioned. In what part of the organization these propensities reside, or by what, if by any, external signs they are



indicated, is a question for after-consideration. That they exist in the brute, is a familiar fact : in them they assume the shape of a salutary and often astonishing instinct. And man, in common with the animal creation, is the subject of various modifications of what, in him also, we recognize as instinct. The love of a mother for her infant, and the principle of imitation in children, are unequivocal exhibitions of instinctive propensity. And these propensities, though common to the species, yet exist in different individuals, in various degrees. They operate without the influence of reason; (for this is our notion of instinct;) yet, in man, they are susceptible of being regulated by reason; a circumstance which sufficiently discriminates the rational subject of such propensities from the brute animal. Now, there is nothing irrational, nothing necessarily derogatory to either the dignity or the free agency of man, in the supposition, that he may possess other instinctive and urgent propensities in common with the brutes, besides those to which we have adverted; for instance, a strong propensity to *construct* things, and an aptitude for such employment, a propensity to combat,—or to hoard; that he may possess partial or individual propensities besides those which are common to human nature. Such predispositions make their appearance very early, and we call them *turns of mind*. We have seen infant mechanics, infant arithmeticians, infant heroes. The marks of hereditary temper and disposition also are discernible in the earliest stage of mental development. Whether these things are indicated by knobs or lines, or not, they exist, and may soon be detected.

The causes which determine the instinctive propensities of the brute, are not less mysterious than those which originate similar constitutional tendencies in man. There seems no reason to doubt that organization has much to do with them. Organization is at least a collateral cause, as it is adapted to the peculiar instincts of different animals. Yet, Mr. Abernethy justly remarks that, as in the instance of the propensity to construct in birds and insects,

‘ the occasional, perhaps annual recurrence of this propensity, renders it probable that it is not organization merely which creates it, but that it arises from temporary actions occurring in peculiarly organized parts; and the rare occurrence of this instinct shews how long such actions may be suspended so as to render organization of no effect.

‘ Admitting (then) that man, like animals, possesses in various degrees a natural propensity and talent for construction, yet, no blind impulse regulates his labours; he constructs what his reason directs, or his fancy suggests; he forms previous plans or designs, and alters them till the whole seems to accord with his intentions; and yet, none of his works

are so unalterably perfect as are those produced by blind instinct operating according to the ordinances of overruling Intelligence."

That organization is only one of the causes which create or determine the qualities of the brute, is manifest; because animals are seen to be capable of *acquired habits* not common to the species,—capable of a sort of education, in which both rewards and punishments have their efficacy. So true is it, that did even the actions of men take place under a mechanical necessity similar to that which prompts the impulses of the brute, there would still be scope for a moral discipline, though not for moral probation; still a reason for the law which apportions reward and punishment to good or evil actions. If organization, then, is one of the causes which determine the tendencies of the animal, there can be no danger in admitting that it is one of the causes of predisposition in the human being. Regarding the brain as an instrument, (which is the proper idea of an organ,) we might expect to find a difference of *adaptation* in the organ, in relation to different intellectual processes; and a difference of adaptation must be considered as amounting to a predisposing cause. 'If we find the head more *produced* in 'parts peculiar to man, it is reasonable then,' as Mr. Abernethy remarks,

'to suppose that he will possess more of the intellectual character; and if in those parts common also to brutes, that he will possess more of those propensities in which he participates with the brute creation? We are all naturally physiognomists; and almost every observant person has remarked the amplitude of this part of the head to be indicative of intellectual power.'

That men should be born with brains of different capacity, with different degrees of intellectual capability, or with different animal propensities, is no more to be objected against, than that they should possess different powers of mind, be born in circumstances so immensely dissimilar, and grow up to maturity under such widely varying moral advantages and disadvantages. The supposed physical or mechanical necessity in the one case, is not more real or absolute than the moral necessity in the other. There is, on either view, a limiting, but not a necessitating cause; an inequality in the distribution of good, which runs through the whole economy of Nature, but no overruling determination of the will. An organization precluding the highest intellectual attainments, cannot at all events be the cause which prevents the development of the intellect up to that point of organic limitation; and till cultivation has done its utmost, it is impossible to say what the organic structure will admit of. In the case of the Negro, a configuration supposed to be unfavourable to the intellectual

character, has been found to admit of far higher attainments than was suspected. A more perfect organization may be considered as a great physical advantage; but it will not be pretended that there are many instances in which the development of intellect has been carried as far as the physical structure would allow. Yet, till that point is reached, organization cannot be justly said to have come into operation as even a limiting cause.

Again, the mere existence of predisposition cannot account for the *predominance* of predisposition over those faculties and sentiments which, according even to Spurzheim's view of human nature, are designed, and are adequate to control those propensities.

‘ Though the possession of original dispositions, faculties, and sentiments, may create a tendency to certain actions, yet Gall and Spurzheim admit, that it is education which produces knowledge and character: it is the disposition and ability to do what has been repeatedly done, and with progressive improvement, that gives us talents and habits of thinking, feeling, and acting in a particular manner. It is repetition, or education, by which, also, motives are rendered so predominant that we feel the indispensable necessity of implicit and energetic obedience to their commands, which is called enthusiasm, and which has given rise to glorious deeds, dignifying and exalting human nature far above animal existence. Religious sentiment, conscientious justice, patriotism, and even personal honour, have induced mankind to bear the greatest evils, without betraying any of the unworthy propensities of our nature.

‘ Even facts and opinions may, by repetition, acquire a preponderance and value that did not originally belong to them. Questionable assertions may by degrees obtain the authority and power of established facts; and opinions, which at first were doubtful, may in like manner acquire a delusive influence over his mind. On the other hand, we may suppress and bring into disuse, propensities and sentiments which may have been naturally strong, till they become inert and inoperative. No better proof of this can be required, or needs be adduced, than the complete change of character or conduct which is caused by the imitation of others, and by habits acquired from those with whom we associate; a change so generally known and recognised, that its effects have become proverbial. “ Don't tell me,” says Sancho Panza, “ by whom you were bred, but with whom you are fed.”’

Nothing, then, can evince a more perverted judgement, than to represent man as the creature of organization, whatever view we take of the physiological question, when it is so obvious and undeniable, that he is almost infinitely more the creature of habit; the moral cause being every day seen to triumph over the predisposing physical cause, and either to suspend or to annihilate its influence. How completely must professional studies have warped the mind of the man who



imagines that he sees in any external signs of predisposition, a necessitating cause, or even an index to the future character! Yet, it is in these absurd inferences from the Craniological doctrine of Gall and Spurzheim, that all the mischief lies; while, no doubt, what has rendered the doctrine attractive to many persons is, the supposed aid which it gives to the mischievous dogmas of the Physiological Necessitarian. In point of fact, it yields them no countenance or support; and therefore, the system may be allowed to stand or fall according to its intrinsic merits.

Mr. Abernethy has no hesitation in admitting the proposition 'that the brain of animals ought to be regarded as the organization by which their percipient principle becomes variously affected:' he assigns the following reasons for his opinions.

'1st, Because, in the senses of sight, hearing, and smelling, I see distinct organs for the production of each sensation. 2. Because the brain is larger and more complicated in proportion as the variety of affections of the percipient principle is increased. 3. Because diseases and injuries disturb or annul particular faculties and affections without influencing others. 4. Because it seems to me more reasonable to suppose that whatever is perceptive may be variously affected by means of vital actions transmitted through a diversity of organization, than to suppose that such variety depends upon original differences in the nature of the percipient principle.'

But, that reason and the nobler sentiments of our nature arise from organization or mere vital actions, and that the organs themselves are perceptive,—are notions which he deems it impossible for any rational being seriously to entertain. It is an unanswerable objection to the supposition of the Materialist, that it militates against *the unity of that which is perceptive, rational, and intelligent.*

'The perceptive and intellectual phenomena cannot be rationally accounted for upon the supposition that the brain is an assemblage of organs, each possessing its own perceptiveness, intelligence, and will. *There must be a common centre, as I may express it, to which all the vital actions tend, and from which all attention, ratiocination, decision, and volition proceed.* Our attention may be so inactive or absent, so occupied by our own imaginations and thoughts, or abstracted, that we are scarcely conscious there is any thing surrounding us. Though we possess extensive perceptions by means of vital actions, yet we attend to but one subject at a time. We can direct our attention to any of our various sensations and feelings, to the operation of any of our faculties and sentiments; and, therefore, if Gall and Spurzheim's opinions of the structure of the brain be true, that which is attentive must have communication with all parts of the organ.'

After some further remarks illustrative of the necessity of this common centre of communication with all parts of the brain, Mr. A. proceeds:

‘Of the unity of that which perceives, attends, thinks, decides, and wills, nature has given us a consciousness which no argument can annul, and which inquiry only strengthens. I wish to avoid metaphysical discussions in this place; but it seemed necessary to shew, that the consideration of the phenomena of mind, as well as that of the phenomena of life, equally enforces the opinion of their distinct and independent nature; thus confirming the notions that it is natural man should entertain relative to his own being, and which are necessary to his proper conduct in life. Uneducated reason, and the utmost scientific research, equally induce us to believe, that we are composed of an assemblage of organs formed of common inert matter, such as may be seen after death; a principle of life and action; and a sentient and rational faculty; all intimately connected, yet each distinct from the other.’

Viewing, then, the protuberances of the Craniologist simply in the light of physiognomical indications, to which certain internal organs are supposed to correspond, the chief objection to the hypothesis is, not that it necessarily tends to Materialism, but that, *as a system*, it wants probability, consistency, and evidence. It is a mere hypothesis, that different departments of the brain are appropriated to particular functions of thought. There is nothing irrational, indeed, in the supposition, that different pairs or sets of nerves may have an office as separate and peculiar, as those which transmit the mysteriously modified sensations of sight, hearing, and touch. In which case, although the faculties may not be local, any more than sight can be said to reside in the eye, yet, the mechanism adapted to those faculties, and instrumentally necessary to certain evolutions of thought, may be local, and its healthful action be dependent on the structure. Since, however, the anatomist has never been able to detect in the brain itself, any exuberances of shape or size answering to the protuberances detected in the *cranium*, it is incredible that the external marks should be *caused* by imperceptible and undiscovered modifications of the internal organs. That they even indicate their local situation, would be a most singular fact, could it be established. But this would not prove a necessary correspondence between the size of the bump or knob, and the development of the internal organ; any more than a large nose or full eyes infallibly indicate nicety of smell or strong sight. In fact, could the physiognomical truth of the system be established,—were the knobs an infallible index to the innate propensities,—the brain might have, after all, nothing to do with them. Like other physiognomical appearances indicative of varieties of tempera-

ment or of intellectual character, they might be known as rules of observation, while the coincidence should remain wholly unaccounted for. The shape of the skull, confessedly, does not answer to the external figure of the brain: it cannot, therefore, be determined by it. These convex knobs are not concavities designed to make room for its action. They can only be considered as hieroglyphic sculptures on the case which encloses the machinery; and if Dr. Spurzheim can decipher them, well and good. But he must not call them organs, or take it for granted that there are local organs answering to every knob.

Of the existence of strong intellectual predispositions and animal propensities in mankind, we entertain no doubt. We are also tempted to believe that there is some correctness in Dr. Spurzheim's craniological observations with regard to the signs of many of those propensities; that they have some foundation in fact. For otherwise, we should find it impossible to account for the vast number of instances in which his craniological rules have led to the detection of individual characteristics. The coincidences have been too numerous and striking to admit of being slightly disposed of. Because they have been employed to prove too much, it does not follow that they prove nothing. What we chiefly dislike in the System is, the mixing up of intellectual with *moral* predispositions, and connecting the latter also with the brain. The classification is unnatural, and, we think, unsound. An organization adapted to the faculty of constructiveness, or to that of calculation, or to that of imaginative combination, we can understand. But organs of benevolence, of veneration, or of other moral qualities, appear to us terms without meaning. So far as the predisposition to good or evil qualities has any existence in the physical constitution of man, (and since it exists in the brute animal, we see no room for denying that it may have a physical origin,) such predisposition must be regarded as having a connexion with the temperament, not with the cerebral structure. On this point, we are sorry to be at issue with Mr. Abernethy, who expresses his satisfaction with Gall and Spurzheim's arrangement, because it 'places the sentiments and dispositions in their real situation—the head.' And he expresses his surprise that an anatomist so eminent as Bichat, should represent the heart to be the seat of feeling, the head of thought. We will not contend about the exact seat of feeling; but of this we are well persuaded, that what Bichat calls the organic life, is chiefly implicated, *as a system of functions*, in those predispositions to certain passions or tempers which frequently discover themselves before thought could possibly give birth to them. And we entertain no doubt that the simple circumstance of *health* in the



very earliest stages of life,—by which we mean, the vigorous and harmonious play of all the animal functions,—has much more to do with the future disposition, than is generally suspected.

That the intelligence which produces emotion is received by the brain, and that it secondarily affects the heart, we admit. But then, the brain, not being the seat of emotion, cannot be the seat of those dispositions and feelings which determine the degree and character of emotion. The organs of such dispositions are not, therefore, to be sought for in the brain.

There seems nothing incredible in the notion, that the head would prove to be, could we but make it out, the physiognomical index to the whole organization. We see in the amplitude of the forehead the marks of intellectual capacity; in the development of the lips, the signs of a sanguine or of a phlegmatic temperament; in the lower parts of the face, the strength of the animal propensities. Why should the knobs on the surface of the head, any more than the features of the face, be considered as indications relating only to the brain? As physiognomical signs, they might be found to relate equally to the functions of the organic system,—to the size of the liver, the force of the heart, or the texture and action of the bowels. These are the real organs of jealousy, benevolence, decision, and heroism; and we see no reason why they should not have their representative knobs, as well as the intellectual organs of the brain. It appears to us a great mistake to hunt in the medullary membrane for the organs of emotion, which lie much lower down in the system. These discover themselves in the configuration of the face; why may not the stomach and the liver have their share in determining also the shape of the cranium?

The signs, then, even of moral qualities or dispositions, may occupy the situation assigned them on the surface of the brain-box, though we cannot tell how they got there. The strange and revolting *juxta*-position, however, of some of these knobs, makes much against the correctness of the arrangement. The nomenclature of the system, too, is, in reference to the indications of moral organs, both offensively injudicious and liable to perversion. This remark applies more especially to the organ of veneration. The notion of an organization exciting in us reverence for the Deity, strikes us as grossly improper. Reverence for the Deity has assuredly not its place in the brain; and although certain natural turns of mind must be allowed to be more favourable than others to the cultivation of piety, we cannot believe that these are indicated by any knob on the top of the head.

On the whole, the system of Gall and Spurzheim, considered as an organological system, we consider as having no better foundation than imperfect induction and gratuitous supposition. But it has been charged with consequences which do not attach to it, supposing it to be true, and has given rise to unfounded alarms and unjust aspersions. As a physiognomical system, we think it imbodyes a number of curious facts, mixed up with much that is uncertain, and with not a little that is, in terms, absurd. Let it be pursued, however, as a branch of physiognomy, and we see no objection to the study; although whether it will ever assume the true character of a science, seems very questionable.

---

Art. IX. *A Brief Memoir of the late Thomas Bateman, M.D.* Third Edition. pp. 24. London. 1822.

**T**HIS brief Memoir of the last days of a man as eminent in his profession as he was estimable in private life, but who, up to within a few months of his death, was an infidel,—presents exactly one of those ‘signs’ which the world are continually asking for, and which the half-believer requires to satisfy him of the truth and power of Christianity. We have seldom perused an obituary more striking in its nature, or more judiciously drawn up. The conversion of Dr. Bateman, (for, if his was not a conversion, then the word is wholly misapplied to the change wrought upon Saul of Tarsus,) was of the most unequivocal, decided, and satisfactory kind. Here is nothing at which the philosopher can sneer, or the scoffer cavil. The tract is an argument addressed at once to the understanding and the heart; and we have no doubt that it will be extensively useful.

Scott’s Essays was the work which, after Dr. Bateman’s mind became alive to the subject of religion, was the chief means of producing a total change in his views and feelings. He died exactly one week before his revered but unknown instructor.

‘He never ceased to remember, with the deepest gratitude, his obligations to that excellent man. It was only the evening before his death that he was recommending with great fervency to a young friend, whose mother, under affliction, was first beginning to inquire after religious truth, to engage her to read “Scott’s Essays,” acknowledging, with fervent gratitude, the benefit he had himself received from that work, and concluding an animated eulogium, by saying, “How have I prayed for that man!” What a blessed meeting may we not suppose they have had in the world of glory!

‘The medical friend before alluded to has most justly remarked, that “the entire simplicity and sincerity of Dr. Bateman’s natural character give additional value to all that fell from him. He never used a language

that was *at all* at variance with his real feelings, and was in no degree given to vain imaginations." This testimony is very true, and this remarkable simplicity and sobriety of his natural character remained unaltered in the great revolution which took place in his principles and dispositions: he went into no exaggerations of feelings, or excesses of enthusiasm. And surely the merciful Providence which preserved his sound understanding, in all its integrity, to the last moment of his life, must silence the gainsayer and "the disputer of this world," who might strive to attribute the sacred influence of religion on his mind to the errors of an intellect impaired by long disease and suffering."

Art. X. 1. *A Dialogue between a Minister of the Church and his Parishioner*, concerning the Christian's Liberty of Choosing his Teacher. By the Rev. Thomas Sikes, M. A. Vicar of Guilsborough. 6th Edition. 12mo. pp. 32. London. 1820.

2. *A Second Dialogue between a Minister of the Church and his Parishioner*, concerning Christian Edification. By the Rev. Thomas Sikes, M. A. 5th Edition. 12mo. pp. 48. London. 1815.

3. *A Third Dialogue between a Minister of the Church and his Parishioner*, concerning those who are called Gospel Preachers or Evangelical Ministers. By the Rev. Thomas Sikes, M. A. A new Edition. 12mo. pp. 78. London. 1819.

4. *An Address to the Separatists from the Established Church*. In a Dialogue between the Minister and his Parishioner. 12mo. pp. 16. Worcester. 1822.

5. *A Letter to the Rev. Jeremiah Jackson, M. A. Vicar of Swaffham Bulbeck*, occasioned by his Sermon preached at Wisbech, on July 31, 1821, at the third quadrennial Visitation of Bowyer Edward, Lord Bishop of Ely. By J. Jarrom. 8vo. pp. 58. Price 1s. 6d. Wisbech.

**W**E like these village dialogues extremely. They come to the point at once, and exhibit the controversy in its true light as a practical question. There is an honesty, an explicitness, and an appearance of earnestness about Mr. Sikes, that we commend. He tells us that he "feels a respect for the 'honest Dissenter';" and we can return the compliment by professing with equal sincerity our respect for the honest Churchman.

The Christian's Liberty of choosing his own Teacher, Mr. Sikes very properly considers as the cardinal article, the hing- ing point of the Dissenting controversy. Every other question compared with this, sinks almost into insignificance. The question respecting liturgies and free prayer, that which relates to the three orders of Episcopacy, or the three times three orders of the hierarchy, nay, the matter of rites and ceremonies, are all,



though important, of inferior practical importance to this. The Divine authority of the parochial priestly rule here contended for, being once established, little would be left worth contending for, and that little would be in danger.

The hypothesis of Mr. Sikes, and it is one for which a large proportion of the evangelical clergy, whom he reprobates as Gospel preachers, are known to be as great sticklers as himself, — the hypothesis on which the constitution of the Establishment is built, is this: That every parish minister is ‘a servant of Christ, appointed by the rulers of his household, to the care of a certain district of country, called a parish,’ being ‘charged with the care of all the souls that live in such a place.’ He is to ‘*feed all its inhabitants with the sacraments,*’ and to ‘*rule them according to the Scriptures.*’ ‘You very properly ask me,’ says the Minister in the first dialogue with his parishioner, ‘to shew you my commission for assuming the sole government and care of the inhabitants of this parish; that is, you ask me how God Almighty is to be considered as setting me over this *particular* place.’

‘*Twilight.* Aye, Sir, that is exactly what I mean, because, if you can shew me that, I can easily perceive that *no other minister* ought to thrust himself upon *your* people under any pretence whatever.

‘*Minister.* True, John, and now attend closely to what I say, and you will soon see the matter in a very different light to that which has so misled you: My commission to take care of the people of this place, is from the Lord himself. You acknowledge that I am sent by the authority of Jesus Christ into his vineyard the Church; and now I will shew you that I have his commission to take care of this particular part of it. I received my commission from the Bishop in these words, when he ordained me a Christian priest: “Take thou authority to preach the word of God, and to minister the holy sacraments in the congregation where thou shalt be lawfully appointed thereunto;” and afterwards, he lawfully appointed me to this parish, when I first became your minister here. The Bishop, you know, derives his authority from the Apostles, and the Apostles had theirs from our Lord himself. Whatever the Bishop does in the Church, in consequence of his authority from our Lord, through his Apostles, our Lord declares he considers as done by himself. Now the Bishop appointed me, in Christ’s name, to take care of this place, and no other; and therefore, I have Christ’s authority to feed and govern that part of his flock living in this parish; and if so, you and all your fellow-parishioners are bound to obey and submit yourselves, and receive my instructions, because I have, by Christ’s authority, the rule over you. Heb. xiii. 17.

‘*Tw.* You have put it in a new light, indeed, sir! I cannot say I ever saw it so plainly put before.’

As honest John does not pretend to much book-learning, it is very likely that he never did. But it is not ‘a new light:’ it

is a doctrine much older than Luther. Many ministers, however, who act upon this assumption, would not go quite so far in their statement of the principle. Yet, between Mr. Sikes and Mr. Simeon, there is only, we believe, this slight difference. The former contends, that to leave the parish church on any pretence whatever, is to fly in the face of Christ and his Apostles: the latter would tolerate, in case of necessity, straying out of one parish to attend service in a neighbouring parish church; but on no account must the parishioner leave his church to hear the Gospel from a non-commissioned minister. There are the prayers, the all-perfect and all-sufficient Liturgy, and the Sacraments; and with these, if the pulpit is dumb or dark, he must be content, and hope for better things. Mr. Sikes is, we readily concede, the more consistent reasoner. The same liberty of choice, or right of private judgement, and power of judging, which would justify the preference of one parish minister to another, would, pushed but a step further, lead to the dangerous consequence of preferring a Presbyterian or an Independent minister in the same parish, to the parish minister; that is, unless the latter can be shewn to have a Divine commission and absolute claims which, under any circumstances, it would be impious to disregard. But, from this consequence, the evangelical clergyman shrinks back in utter horror. We must profess, however, that we cannot understand how the Church-government of the Establishment can be maintained consistently with a departure from the strict parochial principle. Honest Twilight has not been guilty of going to meeting, but merely of wandering out of his parish to hear a 'Gospel preacher' in a neighbouring parish; having always thought, simple man! 'that it was all one whether he went to one parish church or another, provided he did not go to the Dissenters' meeting.'

*Min.* Alas! my good friend, you are not the only honest man that has been so deceived with this very error; but *you have been much more like a Dissenter than is commonly imagined.*

*Tw.* Then I am sure it was because I knew no better; for I detest the Dissenters, and I —

*Min.* Hold, John; shame upon such words as those: you should rather pity them, and endeavour by all the kind methods of Christian charity, to shew them their faults, and so bring them back to the true Church and fold of Christ. "If a man be overtaken in a fault," says St. Paul, "ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Gal. vi. 1. And, I tell you again, your fault in deserting your minister and parish Church is that very sin which is the grand sin of Dissenters; and you are much nearer to being a Dissenter than you think for, John.

\* *Tw.* Sir, I am sorry for the words I have said, because they do not become a Christian; but I meant no harm to them, I only meant that I detest their principles, and their doctrines, and so forth: for Mr. B. has often told us that they make very poor Christians.

\* *Min.* Look you now!—How difficult is the task of knowing ourselves! Ah! Mr. B. “Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull the mote out of thine eye, and behold a beam is in thine own eye?” Matt. vii. 3. But let us see—I told you, that you were much nearer being a dissenter than you would like to see yourself, and I will shew you how: The dissenters, you know, despise and will not hear those ministers whom God hath set over them: So do you. The difference between you is this: that they choose any man they like, *out of the church*, and set him up, and then call him the Rev. Mr. Such-an-one, as we do Christian clergymen, and *make believe to obey him*: for mind ye; the instant the Rev. Mr. Such-an-one disoblige his employers, they send him packing, and get somebody else to do the work of their meeting.—You choose one *in the Church*; and so far, your error is not quite so preposterous.—But then, to be as like a dissenter as you can, if your parish priest does not please you, as you cannot turn him out of the Church, (as the dissenters do, and as you would certainly do if you could)—why you leave him there, and go to some other preacher that pleases you better.—Again, the dissenters cause divisions, and schisms, (as the Bible calls them) among Christians.—So do you.—Such people as you set the minister of a parish and his congregation at variance; you cause difference of opinion, and make the people separate from their pastor.—But the Church of Christ, which he calls his body, should be all of one mind, and have no divisions in it. Christians should praise God with *one mouth and one heart*: and not say, “I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos.” The Church of Christ should be without rent or division, as his blessed coat was without seam. Now, the only difference between you and the dissenters is this; *They* completely tear and destroy this sacred garment, and scatter the rags in every corner of the kingdom; *You* tear and rend it from top to bottom, and make it totally unfit either for use or ornament, but do not quite separate the tattered pieces. You see there is hardly a pin to choose between these two horrible things.

The sin of schism or division must certainly be considered as attaching to divisions *in the Church*, rather than out of it. Now, Dissenters peaceably, and it may be ‘from pure motives of conscience,’ as Mr. Sikes allows, withdraw from the Parish Church. They are separatists then, but must not be called schismatics, for they do not divide *the Church*; always understanding by *the Church*, the Church of England. The schism is, when Mr. Sikes is preaching in one parish church, and ‘a Gospel preacher’ is preaching ‘grace and election, justification and the new birth,’ and other hard things in the adjoining parish, and drawing away all Mr. Sikes’s parishioners.



Here is a schism with a vengeance ; altar against altar ; the Church against itself ! Which of the two is the schismatic, we dare not attempt to decide ; but the Church is obviously divided both in doctrine and in fact. The Gospel preacher may allege that he is the innocent occasion of this division ; that in being charged with turning the world upside down, he only shares in the reproach in which the Apostles gloried ; that Christianity has always been the occasion of schisms, setting the mother against the daughter, the father against the son, the circumcised against the uncircumcised ; but that the occasion of such schisms is unjustly charged with being the cause of them. All this may be said, and said with truth. But then, the existence of the schism being indisputable, the inference will be most dangerous ; to wit, that schism is a thing inevitable in a Church constituted as is the Church of England ; that, as it is inevitable, so, as to those who are chargeable with originating it, it is innocent ; nay, that under all the circumstances of the case, this most horrible evil is a good thing.

As Dissenters, then, we maintain that we stand quite clear of schism. The schismatics are the members of the Established Church, who stray from their own parish. This is as clear as the light of noon. Let us not be misunderstood, however, as meaning to cast any reproach upon their *Christian* character. They are only bad Churchmen. We only mean that they are schismatics, *ecclesiastically speaking*, as rebelling against their lawfully ordained and divinely commissioned parish-priest, and depreciating the sufficiency of the provision which the Church has made, in the Liturgy and the Sacraments, for their edification. As schismatics, in a New Testament sense, we are far from regarding them ; notwithstanding they are very apt to bestow that hard name upon us.

That Dissent is no schism, we can prove by analogy. Every one knows the fierce contest which so long agitated the Romish Church, between the Jansenists and the Molinists. Here was a theological schism. Again, when two, and in one case three, rival Popes were contending for the chair of St. Peter, and excommunicating each other, while their partisans zealously had recourse to the logic of cold steel to decide the point, there was a political schism in the Church. But when Henry the Eighth declared himself the head of the Anglican Church, there was no schism, but only, as every Churchman will admit, a withdrawal, a peaceable separation. In like manner, when the Nonjuror party in our National Church, refused to acknowledge King William as the head of that Church, here was a schism, and a dangerous one : and about the same time, the Hoadleyan controversy produced a theological division of the most angry

kind. But when two thousand clergymen were ejected from the Church in the days of Charles II., the Church was only purified of schism, by getting rid of the schismatics who troubled her. It was, like the Reformation in Henry the VIIIth's time, a separation of parts, the sound from the unsound ; with this difference only, that the minority who went out, did not carry the King along with them.

But though we have thus succeeded in proving—we hope to Mr. Sikes's satisfaction—that we are not guilty of schism in our separation from the Church, we are aware that we have yet to clear ourselves from the crime of breaking the laws, and despising the Divine claims of the duly ordained clergy of this realm. To this charge we shall now briefly address ourselves.

*Imprimis*, we deny the whole fiction of the ecclesiastical commission pretended to. We regard it as altogether apocryphal ; as much so as the stories of Asmodeus and Bel and the Dragon. That it proceeds 'from the Lord,' we consider as a most impudent pretence, since it is well known that the Bishop derives all his authority from the King, and that *he* is the head of *the* Church. The authority the Bishop possesses, is a purely secular authority, as much so as that of the justice of the peace from whom the Dissenting teacher takes out his license ; and the appointment he confers or sanctions, is a political authority also. The Establishment is, from the top to the bottom, a political arrangement designed to provide for the instruction of the people. Its form and constitution have been settled by the State, its articles decided on by the State, its ceremonies decreed by the State. It may be called a Royal Church, or a Parliamentary Church, or a National Church ; any thing but an Apostolic Church. The Apostles explicitly disclaimed that very dominion which prelacy arrogates to itself. It is therefore a contradiction in terms, to suppose that they could devolve this species of jurisdiction on any imaginary successors. We have ample proofs in the New Testament, that many of the primitive Christians exercised the function of preaching with efficiency and success, who never took out their commission even from the Apostles ; and the Apostle Paul rejoiced that in any way Christ was preached. The Bishops of the Apostolic Churches were any thing but lords diocesan and princes palatine. They had no political authority, and they could not impart any. They had not more authority, and not larger dioceses, than many of our Dissenting bishops, the pastors of congregations.

That what the Bishop does in the Church, our Lord considers as done by himself, is an assertion very false, and, considering what a modern Bishop is, and who made him a Bishop,

and what raised him to the see, a very impious misstatement. Here are the Wellesleys, and the Beresfords, and other Irish families at this moment besieging the Prime Minister for the vacant arch-bishoprics of Ireland; and no one questions that political reasons will entirely determine the appointment. Lord Liverpool will decide which noble family shall have each Apostolic mitre that is vacant, with the immense revenue attaching to it. And are we to believe, that all that his Grace shall thenceforward do in the Irish Church, our Lord will consider as done by himself? Oh, Mr. Sikes, well have you named your worthy parishioner, John Twilight. But a man must be quite in the dark to believe that Christ has any thing to do with such appointments, or that every Bishop and every parish minister is a servant of Christ. He is a servant of the Crown, if you please.

That God Almighty is to be considered as setting the parish minister over the particular cure to which, if the rector, he has been presented by the patron,—if the curate, appointed by the rector,—is another grievous mistake. We know that “the powers that be, are ordained of God.” Government of all kinds is his ordinance. But in this sense, the Romish priest must be considered as equally set over his flock by Almighty God. Nay, the Mahommedan priest can, in Turkey, shew as good a warrant as respects his appointment by the powers that be. And according to Mr. Sikes's hypothesis, it must be not less a man's duty under those circumstances to submit to his appointed rulers. God's providence may be pleaded in the one case as well as in the other, as sanctioning such obedience. But when all the circumstances under which the disposal of livings takes place are considered, how shocking must appear the profanation of Scripture language, which represents the life-tenant of the tithes, or his curate, as set over Christ's flock in that part of his vineyard; as having by Christ's authority, the rule over that parish!

But we do not wish to speak lightly of an authority derived from the King. While we feel imperiously bound to obey God rather than man, we are glad, when their laws do not clash, to obey both. But Mr. Sikes

‘ cannot see how an *honest Dissenter* can possibly be so good a subject as an *honest Churchman*; because the Churchman obeys all the King's laws without exception; but the Dissenter, by the act of toleration, has got leave to *break* all those laws concerning the Church and Sacraments, which the King and Parliament have enacted to maintain true Christianity among us. The King says to his people, in the words of the great Joshua, “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” And surely those subjects he must



consider as the *best*, who choose to go right with him in the old religion of their forefathers, rather than those who have got leave to go wrong."

There is some truth in this, and it partly accounts for his late Majesty's friendly disposition towards the Dissenters. He considered them as good subjects for this very reason, because he regarded them as the most religious part of the community. The good old King was too wise and too religious, to imagine that going to Church was the same thing as serving the Lord. He had not read Henry on the Bible to so little advantage as to fall into so fatal an error. He knew that the Dissenters were in the main going right, while too many loyal Churchmen, too many of his own clergy, were going wrong.

But Mr. Sikes must allow us to undeceive him on one point. He thinks that an '*honest* Dissenter' cannot possibly be so good a subject as a Churchman. From the stress laid on the epithet '*honest*,' we should be led to suppose that a dishonest Dissenter may be. We will take it for granted, however, that this is not Mr. S.'s meaning. Honest or dishonest, a Dissenter cannot be so good a subject, '*because he has got leave.*' &c. But we should have imagined, that his getting leave would have made him all the better subject. This very extraordinary privilege, which makes it lawful for him to break the laws, ought to bind him more firmly than ever to his King, out of gratitude. Who does not see that the privileged Dissenter has a motive for being a good subject, which the Churchman has not? We are not sure that we have yet hit Mr. Sikes's meaning. Perhaps he means, not that the Dissenter's having got leave to break certain laws, makes him the worse subject, but his making use of his privilege. Then, the laws which confer upon him that '*leave to go wrong.*' must be considered as sanctioning his misdoing. Oh! wicked laws, which make a man the worse subject! But how can *he* be said to break the laws, who does nothing but what the laws allow and sanction? Was ever such a thing heard of in this world, as laws giving a man leave to break laws, and making it right to go wrong? Yet so says Mr. Sikes. Here are certain of the King's laws, which the Dissenter has obtained leave to break. Then it is lawful to break them. Then they have ceased to be laws; for the laws are binding upon all, and when they cease to be binding, they cease to exist. Then, the Dissenter cannot break them. And so, after all, he is deprived of this admirable motive for being a good subject, the leave to disobey; and is reduced to the common level of those who are bound by the laws.

But Dissent is only '*tolerated.*' Were this true, Dissent must be lawful, unless we could have laws tolerating and protecting what is unlawful. Suppose that a law was passed, tole-

rating smuggling—Dissent is, we know, a species of spiritual smuggling—in that case we should conclude, that thenceforward smuggling was a lawful trade. To tolerate *by law*, is to make lawful; in other words, to repeal the very prohibitions which made the thing unlawful. Dissent, then, being tolerated, cannot be a breach of the law.

Dissent, however, is not merely tolerated: it is established, recognised, and sanctioned. Dissenters are qualified to be senators, although they may not be constables. The Dissenting ministers of the Three Denominations in and near London, have enjoyed during successive reigns, an honorary privilege which no other body, we believe, except the two Universities and the London clergy enjoy; that of addressing the Throne and being admitted to kiss his Majesty's hands. A parliamentary grant is annually made in aid of poor Dissenting ministers; and lastly, Dissenting ministers, as such, are exempted from several public services. These circumstances are utterly irreconcilable with the notion that Dissent is barely tolerated. The King and the Parliament have alike taken the Dissenters by the hand; and what must they think of Mr. Sikes, who tells them, that they are countenancing men in breaking the laws and going wrong, that they are encouraging bad subjects. Call you this honouring the King, Mr. Sikes? Fie!

Still, it will be said, Dissenters do not go to the King's Church. No more did any Protestants in King James the Second's time: were *they* the worse subjects? *Why* should they go to the King's Church, when neither the King requires it, nor the Laws forbid their going to their own Church? Whence can arise the obligation when there is no law?

But the King has two Churches. He has got a Church of England, and a Church of Scotland; an Episcopalian Church and a Presbyterian Church, and, in Canada, a Roman Catholic Church. If the Episcopalian may go to his chapel in Scotland, which is not there the King's Church, why may not a Presbyterian in England attend *his* meeting-house?

*Why*, we repeat the question, should we go to the Parish Church? We pay our tithe and poor's-rate: can we be required to do more? The laws do not require more: why should the Church? Because its ministers are lawfully ordained? So are ours. Theirs are licensed by the Bishop; ours by the magistrate. Both the Bishop and the magistrate derive their authority from the King; so that the ordained and the licensed minister stand at last on the same footing. Is it that the Church is governed by Bishops? So are our churches: every church among us has its Bishop. Instead of twenty four Bishops, we have several thousand; and we think our Episco-



pacy the most ancient, for we carry it back as far as the Apostles. Have they the Succession? So have we. Have they the Sacraments? So have we. We baptize in the same holy name; and the bread and wine [of which we partake, we believe to have the same significance and virtue as that which has been consecrated by a 'priest.' And then, as to the matter of a commission, we hold that our Ministers have a much better commission to shew than Mr. Sikes can boast of; a commission more Apostolic, an authority more Episcopal, a power more unequivocally attested than either his Patron's appointment or the Bishop's ordination could convey. Qualified alike by previous education and by the evidences of religious character, chosen and recognised by their flocks as ministers of the New Testament, and ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, our Ministers have, in our view, a far better title than at least three fourths of the Episcopal clergy, to the office which they fill. Uneducated they are not; self-constituted they are not. These epithets, at least, apply to comparatively very few. On the contrary, Dissenting ministers have for the most part a better theological education than most of the clergy, though they know little, it may be, of the mathematics.

Now, if Mr. Sikes, or if our worthy friend whose tract is dated Worcester, wishes to make any impression on *Separatists*, he must take into account all these facts, and shew that he is not ignorant of the very elements of the question. Otherwise their arguments must needs fall short of the mark. Neighbour Twilight may be satisfied; but a fourth, fifth, or sixth dialogue may be requisite to convince such a sturdy sectary as Thomas Johnson, who appears from his "Reasons," to be much better acquainted with his New Testament than honest John. Twilight could not, it seems, tell his Parish Minister, what *edification* meant, although he used that word in giving his reasons for hearing the Rev. Mr. B.— He did not know that it meant 'improvement in religion.' Poor John! And so his Parish Minister, naturally enough, takes advantage of his ignorance, to tell him, that he is not to be the judge of his own edification; that he cannot judge of the progress he makes in Divine knowledge. This is rather severe upon Master Twilight. We wish Mr. Sikes joy of his hopeful scholar.

But now, had he Thomas Johnson to deal with, and were he to tell him, as he tells Twilight,

'You have not a teacher to seek. *The whole of this kingdom, with a very few exceptions, (and likewise the whole Christian church,) is already well supplied with proper teachers, whose authority to teach their different congregations come, directly from Christ himself; and you can have*



no ministers to seek, till you have first cast off your obedience to this order of things appointed by your Saviour, and have deserted your minister and your brethren. Did you ever hear of people seeking their father and mother? Is it not God Almighty that chooses your parents for you, sends you into the world just at what time he pleases, and causes you to be born of what parents he pleases? Just so does he in the Church,—

Were he to say all this to Thomas Johnson; and then proceed to misapply to the parish minister, the passage in which St. Paul tells the Corinthians, that though they had ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet had they not many fathers, for he in Christ Jesus had begotten them through the Gospel; were he to represent the parish minister as the father in Christ, given him by his Creator, who had begotten him in baptism, and now possessed a father's authority over him, be his character what it may;—that sturdy sectary would respectfully inform Mr. Sikes, first, that the Apostle's language would not bear the gloss which his Reverence had put upon it; next, that St. Paul, who, in writing to these same Corinthians, thanks God that he had baptized none of them, could not have the same idea of regeneration as Mr. Sikes; further, that the title of a father in God or spiritual father, is awfully inappropriate to the great mass of bishops, rectors, and curates; and that the assertion, that 'the whole of this kingdom is well supplied with proper teachers' in the Establishment, sounds so much like a great—, that, had any body but Mr. Sikes said it, it could not have been believed. Then, as to his plea, that even a Judas is to be revered, if the Bishop has laid his hands upon him, because God hath "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise,"—Thomas Johnson would ask Mr. Sikes, whether St. Judas continued to preach and to exercise Apostolic authority *after* he was known to be a thief, and *after* he had betrayed his Master; for with men's undiscovered hypocrisy we can have nothing to do; and whether Mr. Sikes understands by "foolish things," wicked things, and that God chooses the wicked things of this world to confound the wise ones? If not, he is guilty again of perverting Scripture,—an art which the Church of Rome learned of the Devil; and he had need look to it lest he should be found betraying his Master. He tells us, indeed, that we are not to judge the character of a minister, but to look to his office.

'He is placed there for the purposes of our reformation and salvation, to take cognizance of the people's *manners and conduct*, and to persuade, exhort, *reprove*, *rebuke* as occasion requires. But if the people reject him upon a *pretence of vicious character*, they reverse the order of things.'

We have heard of the Devil's rebuking Sin, but never before saw the office so distinctly attributed to him. A man of 'vicious character,' taking cognizance of the morals of his flock, and rebuking offenders, must be a most edifying spectacle. A most delightful order of things, which it would be impiety to reverse! A wicked man may, it seems, be a most efficient minister of the Church of England. Thank God, we do not belong to such a Church!

And now our readers know Mr. Sikes, and they will be able to account for his bitter abuse of the Gospel preachers in his Third Dialogue. 'The Gospel preachers and their followers,' he says, 'murdered Good King Charles, and preached the poor clergy out of their livings and themselves into them.' And the Gospel preachers of the present day, (meaning the *evangelical clergy*), are the same sort of men: their 'arguments, conduct, doctrines, and manners, are exactly the same as theirs.' 'We know,' he adds, 'by sad experience, what Gospel preaching then meant, and what it came to, and we should not like to be so taken in again.' Yet, guilty as these Gospel preachers are of 'palpable schism,' 'rebellion against Church authority,' 'systematic slander and delusion,' 'cant,' 'pride,' 'love of lucre,' 'dishonesty,' and 'hypocrisy,' they are servants of Christ, fathers in God, and the rest of it, if you happen to live in the parish over which God Almighty has set any one of them; and Twilight is instructed to yield them, in that case, reverence and obedience accordingly.

We have no room to notice the Vicar of Swaffham, but must leave him in the competent hands of Mr. Jarrom.—The Address to Separatists is chiefly distinguished by its singular imbecility. If we should be thought to have bestowed too much notice on Mr. Sikes, we must beg our readers to remember, that six editions of this trash have been forced into circulation; and the Author is known to be held in high estimation in some quarters. One of the twelve Apostles at least, would, were he living, commend the labours of his Apologist

## ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the Press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

In the press, (dedicated to Lord Dacre,) *Memoirs of the Rev. Thomas Brand, one of the silenced ministers in the reign of Charles II. By Dr. Ammery. Together with the funeral Sermon. A new edition, revised by the Rev. W. Chaplin.*

Mr. Dunlop, Author of the *History of Fiction*, has a new work in the press, entitled, *the History of Roman Literature from the earliest Periods to the Augustan Age*, in two volumes octavo.

Mr. Montgomery, the Poet, will publish in a few days, a work entitled, *"Songs of Zion,"* being imitations of the *Psalms in verse.*

Poems, by the Rev. Thomas Cherry, late Head Master of Merchant Tailors School, are printing in a quarto volume; selected and edited by the Rev. J. W. Bellamy.

Mr. Geo. Downes will soon publish, *Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein*, including an account of Hamburg and Lubeck.

Dr. Meyrick has been many years collecting scattered notices of Ancient Armour, found in old writings; and the result of his labours will soon appear in three imperial quarto volumes.

Dr. Lucas is printing in an octavo volume, a *Treatise on the Nature and Principles of Inflammation and Fever.*

George Brodie, Esq. has in the press, a *History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration*, in four octavo volumes.

W. Wordsworth, Esq. will soon publish, in a small octavo volume, a *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England.*

Mr. Wood is preparing for publication, *Figures of all the known Shells*, intended to illustrate his *Index Testaceologicus.*

The Sixth Part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* will appear early in next month.

Sir Aubrey Devere Hunt, Bart. has in the press, *Julian the Apostate*, a dramatic poem, in an octavo volume.

Sir Gilbert Blane is printing in an octavo volume, *Select Dissertations on various Medical Subjects.*

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck has a second volume of *Biblical Fragments* nearly ready for publication.

Mr. John Tuck, brewer, has in the press, in an octavo volume, *the Art of brewing Porter and Ale*, particularly adapted to the use of families.

To be published in a few days in 8vo. *The Curfew, or the Grave of the Last Saxon, a Poem.* By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, Author of the *Missionary, Letter to Lord Byron, &c. &c.*

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 12mo. *Hortus Anglicus; or, the Modern English Garden*; containing an easy description of all the Plants which are cultivated in the climate of South Britain, either for Use or Ornament, and of a Selection from the established Favourites of the Stove and Green-house; arranged according to the System of Linnaeus; including his Generic and Specific Characters; with remarks on the Properties of the more valuable Species. By the Author of the *British Botanist.*

Dr. Irving has made considerable progress in a new School Work on *Roman Antiquities.*

*The River Derwent and other Poems*, by W. B. Clarke, B. A. Jesus College, Cambridge, will appear next month.

Shortly will be published by subscription, with a portrait, *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Alfred Stothard, F. S. A.* Author of the *monumental Effigies of Great Britain.* With some account of a Journey in the Netherlands, by Mrs. Charles Stothard, Author of *Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Britany, and other parts of France.*

Mr. Bourn has in the press, an enlarged edition of *"A Gazetteer of the most remarkable Places in the World, with Brief Notices of the Principal Historical Events of the most Celebrated Persons connected with them."*



## Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

## AGRICULTURE.

The Cottager's Agricultural Companion, comprising a complete System of Cottage Agriculture, intended to instruct the Poor of Great Britain in the best Arts of Cottage Husbandry. By William Salisbury, Author of the Botanist's Companion. 12mo. 2s.

## ASTRONOMY.

A Celestial Atlas, comprising a Systematic Display of the Heavens, in a series of thirty maps (beautifully engraved by Neele and Son) illustrated by scientific descriptions of their contents, and accompanied by Catalogues of the Stars and Astronomical Exercises. By Alexander Jamieson, A.M. Author of a Grammar of Logic and Intellectual Philosophy. royal 4to. half-bound, 1l. 5s. plain, 1l. 11s. 6d. coloured.

## CHEMISTRY.

The Use of the Blowpipe, in Chemical Analyses, and in the Examination of Minerals. By J. J. Berzelius, Member of the Academy of Stockholm. Translated from the French of M. Fresnel: by J. G. Children, F.R.S.L & E.P. L. S. &c. With a Sketch of Berzelius's System of Mineralogy; a Synoptic Table of the principal Characters of the Pure Earths, and Metallic Oxides, before the Blowpipe; and numerous Notes and Additions by the Translator. With 3 plates. 8vo. 12s.

## EDUCATION.

Elements of Thought; adapted to the Use of Schools, and especially designed to aid the Studies of young Persons who wish to supply the Defects of a common Education. By Isaac Taylor, junior. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

## GEOMETRY.

A Statistical, Political, Mineralogical, and Modern Map of Italy, (46 inches by 27). With the New Boundaries according to the latest Treaties; together with signs to indicate Capitals of States—Cities—Fortified Places—Forts—Market Towns—Villages and Hamlets—Ruins—Archbishopricks—Bishopricks—Capitals of Provinces—Post Stations—Post Roads regularly supplied with Horses—Post Roads not regularly supplied—Roads passable for Artillery—Foot paths or Bye-roads—Distances of Posts—

Boundaries of States—Boundaries of Provinces—also signs of Quarries and Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, Tin, Quicksilver, and Red lead; Foundries and Forges, Alum and Antimony, Sulphur, Mineral Salt and Mineral Springs, Marble, Coal, Hot Springs, Cold Springs, &c. The Map includes the Lake of Geneva on the North, and Marseilles and Avignon on the West; forming the most comprehensive Map of Italy that has ever appeared. Dedicated to the Emperor of Austria. By J. A. Orgiazzi. 15s. Canvas and Case.

## HISTORY.

Illustrations, Historical and Critical, of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent, with an Appendix of original and other documents. With portrait, &c. By William Roscoe. 8vo. 14s. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Recollections and Reflections, Personal and Political, as connected with Public Affairs, during the Reign of George the Third. By John Nicholls, Esq. Member of the House of Commons in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Eighteenth Parliaments of Great Britain. 2 vols. 8vo. 19s. The second volume, which is entirely new, may be had separately, 7s.

The History of Stamford, in the county of Lincoln; with St. Martin's, Stamford Baron, and Great and Little Wothorpe, in the county of Northampton: embellished with 10 fine engravings. demy 8vo. 1l. 5s. demy 4to. with proof impressions, 2l. 12s. 6d.

## MATHEMATICS.

Euler's Algebra, translated from the French, with the Notes of Bernoulli, &c. and the Additions of M. de la Grange. By the Rev. John Hewlett, B.D. F.S.A. &c. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Life and Character of Euler, by the late Francis Horner, Esq. M.P. 8vo. 15s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Broad Stone of Honour; or, Rules for the Gentlemen of England. 12mo. 7s. 6d. fine paper, 9s.

The Inquirer; a Collection of Essays, Reviews, and Intelligence, on Subjects connected with the Improvement of Society, and the Interests of Mankind.

No I. (To be continued Quarterly). 8vo. 4s.

Xenophon's *Anabasis*, newly translated into English, from the Greek Text of Schneider. By a Member of the University of Oxford. 8vo. 8s.

Julia Severa; or, the Year Four Hundred and Ninety-two; translated from the French of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, Author of the History of France—the Italian Republics of the Middle Age, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

The Parish Poors' Rate Book, for Overseers of the Poor; being an approved and convenient Plan for the Assessment for the Relief of the Poor; and containing proper Directions for completing the Assessment, the adjusting of Disputes, and the Manner of proceeding to recover the Amount of the Rate by Distress, &c. By J. Ashdowne, Member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, Author of the Churchwardens and Overseer's Guide, &c. post 4to. 3s. in red sheep.

Tales and Dialogues, in Prose and Verse. By Jeffreys Taylor, Author of *Esop*, in Rhyme, &c. With 6 Engravings. 12mo. 3s.

Scenes in England, for the Amusement and Instruction of Little Tarry-at-home Travellers. By the Rev. I. Taylor. With 84 Engravings. 12mo. 5s. half-bound, 7s. coloured.

Le Musée des Variétés Littéraires. No. I. 1s. 6d. (To be continued Monthly.)

POETRY.

May-day with the Muses. With Vignettes. By Robert Bloomfield. fcap. 8vo. 4s.

Dramas of the Ancient World, viz. The Deluge—The Plague of Darkness—The Last Plague—Rizpah—Sardanapalus—The Destiny of Cain—The Death of Cain—The Nereid's Love. By David Lyndsay. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

POLITICAL.

Europe and America in 1821; with an Examination of the Plan laid before the Spanish Cortes, for the Recognition of South American Independence. Translated from the French of the Abbé de Pradt, by J. D. Williams. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

THEOLOGY.

The Village Lecturer: a Series of original discourses adapted for Village

Congregations and Families. By A. L. 12mo. 4s.

Practical and Familiar Sermons, designed for Parochial and Domestic Instruction. Vol. VI. By the Rev. Edward Cooper, Rector of Hamstall-Ridware, and of Yoxall, in the County of Stafford. 12mo. 6s.

Lectures on the Gospel according to St. John. Part the Second. Delivered at the Parish Church, and at St. Margaret's Chapel, in the Parish of Walcot, Bath, on the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, in the year 1822. With Notes. By Charles Abel Moysey, D. D. Archdeacon of Bath, and Rector of Walcot. 8vo. 6s.

Oriental Literature, applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures; especially with reference to Antiquities, Traditions, and Manners; collected from the most celebrated Writers and Travellers, ancient and modern. Designed as a Sequel to Oriental Customs. By the Rev. Samuel Burder, A. M. Late of Clare Hall, Cambridge; Lecturer of the United Parishes of Christ Church, Newgate Street, and St. Leonard, Foster lane. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 10s.

The Protestant Beadsman; or, a Series of Biographical Notices and Hymns, commemorating the Saints and Martyrs, whose Holidays are kept by the Church of England: to which is appended, a brief Review of the Scriptural and Traditional Accounts of the Holy Angels. 12mo. 6s.

Sermons on the Public Means of Grace; the Fasts and Festivals of the Church; on Scripture Characters; and various Practical Subjects. By the late Rt. Rev. Theodore Dehon, D.D. Rector of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, and Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of South Carolina. Together with some account of the Author, and a Sermon preached on Occasion of his Death. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

A Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Youth; set forth in a Series of Sunday School Lectures, with a Catechism, or Preaching Conference, on the Doctrines and Principles of the Church of Christ, adapted to each Lecture; to which is prefixed, a View of Popular Education from the Reformation to the present Time. By the Rev. J. Trist, A.M. Vicar of Veryad, Cornwall. 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 4s.

An Essay on the Scripture Doctrines

of Adultery and Divorce; and on the Criminal Character and Punishment of Adultery by the Ancient laws of England and other Countries: being a Subject proposed for Investigation by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in the Diocese of St. David, and to which that Society awarded its Premium (by benefaction) of fifty Pounds, in December 1821. By H. V. Tebbs, Proctor in Doctors' Commons. 8vo. 7s.

Protestantism: an Address particularly to the Labouring Classes, in Defence of the Protestant Principle. Occasioned by the late controversial attacks of the Rev. J. Curr. By W. Roby. 8vo.

The Rev. Thomas Scott's Commentary on the Bible. A new and stereotyped Edition, with the Author's last corrections and Additions. 6 vols. 4to. 8l. 8s.

#### TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. During the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, &c. &c. With numerous Engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c. Vol. II. 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d.

A Geographical and Commercial View of Northern Central Africa; containing a particular Account of the Course and Termination of the Great River Niger, in the Atlantic Ocean. By James M'Queen. With a Map and Two Charts. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Travels along the Mediterranean and Parts adjacent, in company with the Earl of Belmore, during the Years 1816, 1817, 1818, extending as far as the Second Cataract of the Nile, Jerusalem, Damascus, Balbec, &c. By Robert

Richardson, M.D. Illustrated by Plans and other Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

The Narrative of an Expedition from Tripoli, in Barbary, to the Western Frontier of Egypt, in 1817, by the Bey of Tripoli: in Letters to Dr. Viviani, of Genoa. By Paolo Della Cella, M.D. Physician Attendant on the Bey. With an Appendix, containing Instructions for navigating the Great Syrtis. Translated from the Italian by Anthony Aufrere. Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the Year 1819. By John Hughes, A.M. of Oriel College, Oxford. 8vo. 14s.

A Guide to the Lakes of Killarney; illustrated by Engravings after the designs of George Petrie, Esq. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M. royal 18mo. 6s.

An Historical Guide to Ancient and Modern Dublin; illustrated by Seventeen Engravings of the principal Views and Buildings, after drawings made expressly for the Work, by George Petrie, Esq. and with a new and accurate Plan of the City. royal 18mo. 6s. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking in Surrey. By John Timbs. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Voyage en Suisse, fait dans les années 1817, 1818, et 1819; suivi d'un Essai Historique sur les mœurs et coutumes de l'Helvétie, ancienne et moderne, dans lequel se retrouvent retracés les évènements de nos jours, avec les causes qui les ont amenés. Par L. Simond, Auteur du Voyage d'un Français en Angleterre. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.